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THE WEDDING AT THE WHITE HOUSE

THE CEREMONY IN THE EAST ROOM—REV. DR. TIFFANY DECLARING MR. A. C. F. SARTORIS AND MISS NELLIE GRANT HUSBAND AND WIFE.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. HARRY OGDEN, WHO WAS PRESENT.—SEE PAGE 199.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 6, 1874.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

UNDERNEATH all the popular selfishness which hinders reasonable national legislation and prevents the advancement of intelligent party principles, there is one feature which is certain to develop into prominence in the approaching political struggle. It is the demand of a vast number of people for a Government which shall assume strong paternal powers. The Grangers of the West, it is true, ask for free trade, but they do not care whether or not it will benefit the country so long as it will benefit themselves. In all other political endeavors they make extraordinary demands upon the Government. That Government must assume responsibility for the regulation of existing routes of transportation, and add to it a still greater responsibility of constructing new lines. It is required to extend its Treasury powers so as to affect the figures on a farmer's bank-book, the memoranda on his mortgages, and the percentage on his bills payable. The people making these demands are great in numbers and in political influence, and no doubt most of their representatives honestly agree with them.

The workmen of the cities, like the craftsmen of olden Venice and Genoa, seek in national legislation remedies for low wages and for the exactions of trade. They invoke Congress for the passage of laws to regulate hours of labor and the money terms of contracts. This class, also, is a large one, and although it possesses no principles in common with the farmers, its demands are for a strong paternal government, which shall assume charge of a man's life, trade and bread.

The tendency of our institutions is towards the very strength which these classes favor. Since 1861 the powers of our Government have grown greater than would have pleased the most impatient Federalist. Germany, as a bureaucracy, is no stronger than the United States. The extraordinary powers wielded by the Administration of Lincoln, through leaders who were ambitious, developed the strength of the departments, and made secrecy a necessity of Republican statesmanship. The Secretary of State wields a secret power more formidable than that of an English Minister, and Fish may diplomatize where Pitt would have been discouraged. A Secretary of the Treasury asks no man's leave to declare that to him such a thing as political science cannot exist, and that he will use forty-four millions of dollars with as much personal freedom as he would forty-four nickel cents. We have seen the strange and humiliating spectacle of a Government official going about negotiating with merchants for a compounding of crimes. If citizens of South Carolina are robbed of their lands, they implore the protection of the President. If the Supreme Court of Arkansas ousts one man from the Governor's Chair in order to place another man in it, the President's Attorney-General is called upon to decide whether the decision of the Supreme Court or the decision of the State Legislature shall be final, and the law-officer of the Government becomes the political sponsor of the land. And now the demand is made not only that the powers of these bureaus shall continue, but that responsibilities shall be added to other departments, so that the strongest man in the Government shall be the Secretary of the Interior. The people would surrender all knowledge of the workings of Government, and would give to an Administration the control of trade, of diplomacy, of money, of everything but the choice of a few of the men who have charge of the secrets of public affairs. They would increase the facilities for the exercise of personal cupidity and corruption in public men.

What the country needs, and, for the amelioration of evils, should require, is not greater complexity, but greater simplicity, in government. We should not push our Government so far away from us that when a man becomes an official he becomes our patron. Half the evils now affecting the comfort of communities and the happiness of individuals arise from a pernicious system nicknamed "American," which, under a pretense of benefiting the laborer, has destroyed the necessity for his handicraft. Protection gave the British flag to the travel of the Atlantic and to the coast trade of the Pacific. And yet the people who are suffering from that system are asking for it in another shape. We would be rid of Simons and of Jayne, but we have neither the courage nor the intelligence to pull down the pillars of the custom-houses upon the heads of the Philistines. We ask for a private bank-

ing law, but we are not willing to have the Government surrender its monopoly of the banking business. We would prevent the Government from subsidizing railroads, but we would compel it to build canals. We send small men into office to wield the powers of giants. To Richardson we give the powers of a Necker. To Fish we delegate the combined strength of a Richelieu and a Francia. It is the system more than the men that is wrong. The men have too much to do. Without wisdom, they exercise individual discretion in matters of national importance of which the people never hear. The administration of public affairs under such a system can never be equal to the wishes, the wants and the progress of the people.

QUEENS OF CONGRESS.

THERE is an element which surrounds Congress when that august body is in session out of which springs a potent influence in legislation. It is the presence of women as lobbyists. The visitor at the Capitol may not see them, for they are not frequenters of the galleries of either house. But the unwary legislator who is not proof against the blandishments of woman is only too apt to meet them face to face, and lose his vote and soul at their behests. They swarm the ladies' room of the Senate from morning till night, and many a hoary Senator has answered to their summons, and yielded conscience and honor at their appeals. They are even seen in the other rooms looking earnestly into senatorial eyes, but how they get there is a mystery to everybody except themselves and the doorkeepers. On the House side there is less chance for them. The ladies' room there is too small for long interviews with Congressmen, and as the male lobby swarms that part of the Capitol to repletion, the average Representative is averse to being seen with women of doubtful reputation. Even the Senator, a little more hardened than the hardy Representative, sometimes grows nervous under the public caresses of these women, who carry the manners of the street after dark into the very halls of legislation.

Who are these women who thus publicly beseech Senators for their votes, and hint at a recompense which even they cannot more than suggest? Some of them are the wives of public men—officers in the army, Congressmen, department clerks. A very brilliant specimen called herself, and perhaps she was, the wife of a general distinguished in the war. Some of them claim to be writers for the Press, but for what papers nobody ever knows. Most of them are mere adventurers. But whoever or whatever they are, they cannot pursue the devious paths of the lobby and remain pure in the eyes of men. Any woman who goes to Washington to indulge in the exciting pursuits of the lobby leaves her good name behind; and the taint does not stop with those who are known to solicit the votes of members, but it follows women everywhere in Washington, and attaches as much to the leaders of fashion and young girls in the departments as to the brazen-faced creatures who make Capitol Hill their headquarters.

It was the custom a few years ago for a large lobby to keep open house. The Washington Ring imitated this idea by founding a social Club. But the lobby, bolder than the Ring, brought a woman to preside in the elegant parlors of their mansion, and both to tempt and betray unwary Congressmen who came under her witchery. It was little better than the panel game. Indeed it was more disreputable, for those by whom this business was conducted had not fallen so low in the social scale. The system has disappeared in name, but not in fact, since the Queens of Congress still live, and by greater discretion are able to reign in society, and so the more securely practice the blandishments of a female lobbyist. The prevailing custom of weekly receptions is a great aid to women in the lobby. If the lobbyist is the wife of a Congressman, or of a cabinet officer, or an officer in the army, she can "receive" without suspicion, and her languishing eyes plead her cause without scandal. A grand ball or a magnificent party, where even the President may attend without discredit, may be in fact only a field-day for the Bill which is to come up in the House the next day or the next week. Literary and art receptions are a comfortable cloak for vice and business. But all this kind of work is in the nature of a *specialité*. Mostly the female lobbyist attaches to herself a few prominent men, and sells them in the market for what they will fetch. She deals in small matters, and obtains the votes of her "friends" as a personal favor. Sometimes she can accomplish something really worth her while by having one of her men "engineer" her Bill through the House, while another cares for it in the Senate. All this is very quickly done, and it is not often that the detectives of the Newspaper Press are able to trace and expose it. These are after all, the real Queens of Congress, and they reign in their own sphere more supremely than the younger and handsomer butterflies of fashion who are so ambitious to spend a Winter in Washington.

Speaking of the lady lobbyists, the reader would perhaps like to know their kinds, their beauties, their charms, and what they have to give. They are wives sometimes, widows oftener, belles but seldom, and fresh young

girls never. It requires maturity and experience in the lobby—a knowledge of men and of the world. Youth has no place by the side of the simulation of youth. Actual beauty has no power able to compete with the beauty that is made by the touch of an artist. It is the beautiful Miss Mantelot, who changes her style with her wig, who becomes the most accomplished lobbyist. Her charms consist in what ever will blind the man—first attacking his eyes, then captivating his senses, and finally betraying his judgment and his conscience. But the women have nothing to give except themselves, or the promise of themselves. They are not the almoners of the bounty of great corporations, and when they get money they keep it. The Senator or Representative is bought through them, Samson finding when it is too late that it was his own Delilah by whom he was shorn of his strength.

THE FIELD OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

AT the opening of the Social Science Association in this city on Tuesday evening, last week, the genial Howadji made a very pleasant but not very instructive address. He endeavored, not unnaturally, to give some reasonably clear idea of the nature of Social Science; and he managed, with great propriety and with all his invariable charm of style, to show that he has but dipped along the surface of that profound subject, and that he hardly himself knows what Social Science is. Far be it from us to detract from the value of his adherence to any cause that he may espouse. It is, of itself, a guarantee that the cause is a pure and honorable one, and that it is, as a whole, under the dominion of common sense. For Mr. Curtis, though certainly a man of fine sentiment, and a trifle too lackadaisical for this hard and wicked world, is not sentimental, and has a pure tincture of penetrating reason about even his most manneristic thought. But he is nevertheless not an original student of Social Science, and his attitude towards it is precisely that warm, enthusiastic, almost affectionate attitude which unfits a man for seeing the wide scope and the essential principles of the science. He recognizes the beneficence of the science, and is enamored with that; but he does not appear to have got sufficiently near the science itself to convey to his hearers any very definite conception of what it is he sees and admires in it.

Nor can it be said that the Association of which Mr. Curtis is the President sees very clearly what is the field it has undertaken to occupy, or in what way it can most effectively and completely be filled. Its work appears disjointed. Doubtless many of its papers are important. They are the work of those "having authority." Dr. Woolsey, on International Law; Mr. David A. Wells, on Taxation; Prof. Sumner, on Finance—these need but be named to be recognized. But the contributions of these gentlemen, valuable and interesting as they are, do not have any such distinct and peculiar value as they should possess by virtue of their connection with the work of the Association. They are worth no more than a similar number of independent essays prepared by these gentlemen for the *Atlantic* or the *Galaxy*. They help towards the ends of the Association, but in a scattered way.

Mr. Curtis said, in his address, that the Association desired to concentrate the single rays of light afforded by individual observers in Social Science in one focus. But the Association does not do this. It simply makes itself the translucent medium between a limited number of observers and the public. It no more "concentrates" their observations than a pane of window-glass focuses the chance rays that happen to hit its surface at the right angle to go through it.

Social Science is to-day in the chaotic condition that the science of Geology was in Europe a century ago, when its professors were wrangling over wild theories, and ignoring the facts that lay open and conspicuous before their very spectacles. Sir Charles Lyell has graphically described this era in the history of that science. Men were hotly divided over the question whether the Vulcanist theory was correct, which gave to nearly all things an origin in fire, or the Neptunian theory, which gave to all an origin in water; while, as the quarrel raged, the fossil records of the world were being day by day unrolled in beautiful symmetry and in startling significance, giving the lie to both theories. At this moment a little band of resolute and devoted men pledged their faith on a novel enterprise, which was to bring them no gold, and possibly no fame, but which was to be of incalculable service to the befogged and stranded science. This enterprise was simply the steady observation and collection of facts. Leaving the theories to come when they would, knowing that there would be no lack of them from other brains, perhaps years before they could be of any value, these *enfants perdus*, this forlorn hope of Science, pressed forward in what must have been a dreary and thankless task, had it not been sustained by the genuine scientific spirit. The results have been great in extent and value, and Geology to-day is hardly less exact than Astronomy, and as well provided with those fundamental truths which practically remove all limit from future investigation.

The field of the Social Science Association

is plainly indicated by this incident in the history of Geology. It is the field of systematic investigation. The meeting of the representatives of the municipal Boards of Health is a step in the right direction. The proposition of Mr. Sanborn that the Association should use all its influence to secure a permanent Census Bureau in the National Government, and Bureaus of Statistics in the several States, is another. The work of the Association is to direct and fertilize, as far as it can, the labors of its members. It is quite possible for the distinguished gentlemen who belong to it to agree on certain general established facts in their respective departments, and on certain logical and comprehensive lines of investigation, in the regions only yet partially explored. If they will do this, their annual meeting will become something more than an audience for listening to promiscuous papers by chance contributors, throwing only scattering gleams of light into the surrounding darkness. And the Association will be relieved from such crude and aimless efforts as the paper of Mr. George Walker on Finance, and the absurd hach of the Secretary of our Board of Health on Ventilation. It will be saved from beating over and over again the threshed and winnowed straw of established truths or exploded blunders, and will become, what it ought to be, a powerful agent in the discovery of truth. Take, for instance, the department of Finance. Here there are certain truths perfectly established, and certain very important questions still unsettled. Of the former a greater part were fixed by the investigations of the British Bullion Committee in 1810—a committee not of financiers, but of clear-headed, sensible and impartial students of financial science. Their labors show how precious may be the fruit of such examinations as are now quite within the compass of the Social Science Association. Of the questions yet unsettled, our country affords many instances, and many facilities for orderly and exhaustive inquiry. But the field must be gone over systematically if any decent harvest is to be looked for. There is no room for doubt that an investigation under the direction of Prof. Sumner and Mr. Wells would be simply invaluable.

Mr. Herbert Spencer—the only modern thinker who can claim any mastery of the domain of Social Science—has shown what can be done in this way by his marvelous Social Science Charts, now in course of publication. Surely what an unaided explorer, of modest means, overwhelmed with labor, and weighed down by physical distress, can undertake, may be emulated by an active and growing Association like that which has just adjourned.

RUSSIAN POLICY.

THE Czar is now visiting his royal cousin Victoria, and, like all well-conducted potentates when engaged in visits of state, endeavors to make himself agreeable by saying smooth things. Thus we are informed that he recently asserted that "the aim of Russia is to preserve the peace of Europe." He could have said nothing better calculated to please the English people, who still feel uneasy as to the possibility of being again compelled to engage in a costly war to defend Turkey against Russia. Undoubtedly at the present moment the Czar has nothing to gain by a European war, and hence his assertion is in a measure true. In a larger sense, however, it is very far from the truth. The policy of Russia is not primarily to preserve the peace of Europe, but to gain possession of the Turkish seaports.

When, at the end of the Crimean War, Russia was not only defeated in her attempt to seize Constantinople, but was compelled to bind herself by treaty to maintain no ships-of-war in the Black Sea, she by no means abandoned her traditional and necessary policy of striving for a southern seacoast line. The Baltic ports were closed half the year by the climate, and Russia's only means of becoming powerful on the seas is to become mistress of the Turkish ports on the Mediterranean. To suppose that she will ever abandon the hope of seizing upon Constantinople, and subsequently upon the ports on the coast of Asia Minor, is to ignore the relentless tenacity with which every nation which has preceded her in the race for imperial power has schemed and fought for a coast line. Compelled by the issue of battle to postpone her active aggressions on Turkey, Russia acquiesced in the treaty which forbade her to possess a Black Sea fleet, and it was only after many years had passed, and the Czar felt confident that England, without allies, would not attempt to enforce the treaty, that he quite recently announced that he considered the restriction as to the Black Sea no longer binding, and quietly began to rebuild the Black Sea fleet. Naturally this action created much interest in England, and was viewed with unconcealed suspicion. But it was of far less importance than the steady policy which Russia had been pursuing for ten years in Central Asia, and which had been looked upon as having no possible connection with Russia's struggle for coast line.

Now, what Russia really set herself to do, after the defeat of the Crimea had blocked the direct road to the Mediterranean, was to stealthily approach Turkey from the East, and to gain the Mediterranean by crossing the Euphrates instead of the Danube. In pur-

suance of this design, she strengthened herself on the south shores of the Caspian, from which position she can march down the Valley of the Tigris. Persia she has already made virtually her dependent, both by her mastery of the Caspian and her later conquest of Samarcand and the Khanate of Bokhara. She can at any time seize upon Teheran, and invade Turkey on the west and Afghanistan on the south. The former means the conquest of Constantinople from the Asiatic side, and the latter means the establishment of a Russian port on the Indian Ocean. Of course the invasion of Afghanistan, and most probably that of Turkey from any direction, would involve Russia in a war with England. But so long as England is unsupported by European allies, as she would be nearly certain to be, Russia can afford to risk the chances of revenging Balaklava and Inkermann.

And we find, if we trace Russian policy further Eastward, that the contingency of a war with England has been carefully provided against. Recently it has been discovered that Russia has made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Japan, by which the latter is bound, in the event of a war between Russia and England, to close her ports to vessels of the latter nation. With China it is admitted that Russian influence is now far more powerful than that of either England or France. The Court of Peking listens to the Russian Ambassador with a respect akin to that with which the Sultan's Ministers were formerly accustomed to listen to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A Russian garrison is even established at Kalgan, a town at one of the gates of the Great Wall, and this Russian garrison may at any time grow to be an army against which the Great Wall would be as powerless as a paper rampart. Thus in China, Japan, Bokhara and Persia we find Russia steadily, systematically and powerfully counteracting and overcoming English influence, and so surrounding India with a chain of Russian garrisons, or of Asiatic allies firmly bound to the Czar. The policy which has achieved and is achieving these results is not directed primarily to the extension of Russian authority in the East. Russia schemes in Japan, intrigues with China, and fights in Bokhara, in order to gain Constantinople and access to the Mediterranean. And yet England has suffered herself to fancy that Russia had abandoned her designs on Turkey, merely because she showed no signs of marching across the Danube; and has even now accepted in good faith the Czar's smooth speech as to his desire to preserve the peace of Europe.

Some day—and perhaps not a very distant day—we shall see the fruits of the real policy of Russia since the Crimean War. A Russian army will march down the Valley of the Tigris, and annihilate the Turkish power long before there is a hostile shot fired on the Bosphorus. England, we may suppose, will make the first appearance of Russian troops on Turkish soil the signal for a declaration of war. But in such a war she would find herself at once exposed to the attacks of a Russian force entering India by way of Cashmere, and would find herself, too, without a single friend on the whole Asiatic Continent, from the Red Sea to the Amoor River. To defend India would tax her utmost power by land, while the absence of any Russian enemy on the seas, and the impossibility of striking any effective blow by a new invasion of the now unimportant Crimea, or by a second naval promenade in sight of the batteries of Cronstadt, would render her vast superiority as a naval power a matter of no consequence. Neither Germany nor Austria would be induced to join with England in fighting battles in India or Asia Minor, and they would be entirely willing to let Russia pursue her own course in Asia, so long as she kept the peace on the Danube and in European Turkey. What could England, with her limited military resources, achieve in a single-handed conflict with a Power which boasts an army of a million and a half of men, and which would have the moral support of every other Asiatic power?

It is not a scheme to be worked out in a day, this capture of Constantinople from the East; but Russia has steadily devoted herself to it for fifteen years, and has made gigantic strides towards its accomplishment. Every league gained by the Russian army in Bokhara—every increase of Russian influence in Japan and China and Persia—has brought the Czar further on his way to Constantinople. It may be the policy of Russia to preserve the peace of Europe, but she expects to achieve that end, not by abandoning her schemes for coast line, but by transferring the battleground by which the ports of the Mediterranean are to be won, from Europe to Asia.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

DISRAELI wants the English Government to give its attention to the Fine Arts.

MR. DAWES is no longer the ally of General Butler. Dawes is proud and weak.

IT IS NOT TRUE that the engraving of the Philadelphia *New Age* is done with a pickaxe. It is done with a corkscrew.

SECRETARY RICHARDSON will not be resigned until the newspapers stop criticising the President's appointment. Richardson may be a nobody, but anybody must not say so.

THE politicians are trying to grab the Geneva award. Gentlemen, have a little care, and do not steal so openly as you have done.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, with commendable good sense, declines to be a candidate for Governor of New York; and the Manhattan Club will now employ a submarine diver to furnish it with a leader.

BOSS SHEPHERD'S case looks blacker. It has been proved that gross over-calculations and over-payments for work were made, and that the whole management of District of Columbia affairs was a fraud.

GENERAL BUTLER speedily gave \$500 to aid the victims of the Northampton flood. This action will make him popular in Western Massachusetts, and give him many votes that he had no idea of receiving when he gave the money.

WHEN SENATOR STEWART'S daughter was married, a few weeks ago, the invited guests got very drunk and destroyed the crockery, and Mrs. Stewart shut up the supper-room. Washington society is very refined and aristocratic.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know, apropos of our article on Mr. John Roach, how, if the latter got work at seven dollars a month, he could in three years save fifteen hundred dollars. Does our correspondent suppose that he never received any more than seven dollars a month?

LORD DENBY, English Foreign Minister, in answer to an inquiry from Lord Russell, says that there are elements of foreign trouble in Europe, but that England will maintain herself by adherence to her treaties. England will be a tame peace-maker, and will not adopt alliances which may harm her.

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* says that Prince Bismarck said to Victor Emanuel last year at Berlin that enough had not been done to paralyze France, and that German troops should have overrun France and demanded an enormous indemnity. If Bismarck said so, he only wanted to scare the King.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL devotes a column to saying that it has a new Bullock press that will make one hundred and fifty impressions per minute. This is a deserved compliment to a fine piece of machinery, and its efficacy may be seen in the fact that while heretofore the *Journal* has consumed a half-hour in issuing its edition, it will now require only three or four minutes.

MR. JAMES LICK is a wealthy Friscoan, the builder of a great hotel, and he is going to have a telescope under the California stars. This million-dollar telescope is expected to bring the moon within thirty miles of its object glass. That is, the moon will be nearer to San Francisco than Mount Diablo. But Prof. Proctor treats the idea with a bit of sarcasm that painfully suggests lunar caustic.

CONGRESSMAN POTTER has killed his chance for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York by saying that in the future some of the larger States may secede. Mr. Cox, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination, said that Mr. Potter does not represent the sentiments of the Democratic Party in Congress. We do not think Mr. Potter meant to favor secession, but only to provide against it.

THE HAZING BUSINESS at the Michigan University having been paid for by the boys in the sentence that they be suspended, they begin to complain that they were taken at their word. The whole affair is contemptible on the part of the boys, and though they may have obtained a reputation with very young girls for being hearty, masculine bucks and dare-devils, they have mainly shown themselves to be so many asses. Boys who get their education cheaply should be careful how they abuse their privileges.

AS SUMMER TRAVELING begins, it is one of the most entertaining of occupations to see a very nice man, while ladies are standing, occupying two seats in a car, opening his window upon the baby or old lady directly behind him, putting his knees into the back of the lady in front of him, throwing the boy-peddler's package of prize-candy on the floor, frowning at the young girl who buys a story magazine, and himself taking out a religious newspaper to read how the revivals are progressing throughout the country.

SENATOR TIPTON, of Nebraska, says that he is not a candidate for re-election, but that he would accept the position if it were given to him. Mr. Tipton cannot be elected by the Republicans. Mr. Delano said of him that he is a most spiteful, disappointed religionist, and that he became a Liberal from mere pique, because he could not control all the Nebraska offices. His action in regard to the Senate and the wedding of Miss Grant was mean and contemptible, and the country would have thanked any Senator who would have got up and kicked him.

THE CINCINNATI POLICE have arrested the Crusading Ladies of that city, on a charge of disorderly conduct. The list of persons shows that they were native American women. Indeed, no other race of women would have been excited to crusading. Our women are nervous, sensitive and imaginative. They are natural hypochondriacs. Some Bagehot, in studying them, would discover the natural relation between women's physical weakness and their religion. Old maids always have the strictest code of youthful morals, and Brooklyn ministers are so constituted that they are subject to the sorest temptations.

THE SENATE has passed the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill. It was no easy task, since the people are watching every Senator, and demanding not only that the Government shall be run for less than it is costing, but that it shall cost as near nothing as possible. We are of opinion that the Senate did right in refusing to be bullied into measures by demagogic newspapers. The Bill, as passed, is a decent one, is as economical as could be expected, is in the interests of reform, and, thanks to Senator Sargent, prevents dishonesty, without being a public comment upon the frailty of Government officials.

A WRITER in the *Herald* having said that our publishers ought to seek some of the bright young fellows on the American Press for their writers, instead of republishing English works, a wide discussion and criticism has ensued. We think it would be much better if some of the bright young fellows would seek the publishers. If any one of them will show his ability to write a history after the manner of "Knight's Pictorial History of England," he will easily get a publisher. If any one of them will write a "Christie Johnstone," he will have twenty publishers after him. The fact is that American publishers are only too ready to print trash; and that no man has yet offered anything to supersede the republications of Dickens, Reade and Black. The bright young fellows are not bright.

ADJOINING the city of San Francisco, on the northwest, lies an elevated tract of sandy land which casts its noontide shadows upon the waters of the Golden Gate. It is a Government reservation, and it is called "the Presideo." In the old Spanish times it was occupied by forts which commanded the entrance to the bay. San Francisco wants this reservation for a public park—and the city sadly needs it. It is now occupied by fortifications. The city proposes to beautify this only place where its people may walk for pleasure and catch magnificent views. The place is necessary, too, as a public highway, and the Government should not act the dog in the manger by trying to sell it to private parties, instead of giving its use to the two hundred thousand people who crowd the city on the bay. The improvements promised by the public spirit of San Francisco would be a benefit to the General Government, and would turn an arid, dazzling sand-hill into a paradise. And when Senator Edmunds comes from Vermont to say that the Government might rather sell the twelve hundred acres, he shows how narrow and cold he is.

THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT IN ILLINOIS is represented by Mr. W. C. Flagg, and from his own statements we have an imperfect but interesting account of the agricultural opinion of parties; which is, that it seems to be the law of American politics that successful parties must organize on radical principles and fight their way to success. Success brings quiescence and conservatism—a perpetuation and defense of existing facts, good and bad. Another party, more radical and progressive, arises and attacks, abuses and marches on to more advanced practices. Such, at least, has been the experience of the two great parties of the country. The Democratic Party, denounced and feared in its inception as revolutionary and agrarian, rose rapidly to power, held it long, abused it, and sinks to a dishonored grave. The Republican Party, deriving its inspiration from the principle of universal equality laid down in our Declaration, could not be kept down by threats or gibes. It became the great party of the country. But to-day, seated in the high places of power, it can hardly keep its skirts clear of corruption, or meet the further demands of radicalism. If it does not, the near future will show a party built on the same corner-stone of equal and exact justice, whose fight will be "war to the knife" with the legal but unjust privileges of chartered monopolies.

"CALIFORNIA AS A SOCIAL STUDY" was last week treated in a paper read before the Social Science Convention by Professor D. C. Gilman, President of the University of California, and the writer develops some new ideas concerning that State. It appears that the present condition of California society exhibits a great amount of mental vigor and enterprise. The peculiar relations of the harbor of San Francisco to the rest of the State have had great influence upon the development of society. The Golden Gate gives access not only to the one great harbor of California, but to a magnificent bay, into which flow the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, thus giving a natural passage to the great wheat-fields of the interior. This gives the city an ascendancy not likely to be impaired. One of the most remarkable of the social phenomena in California has been the persistent adherence of the people, rich and poor alike, to a specie basis, while all the rest of the country has been trading with paper. California is rapidly becoming the centre of bullion operations for the world. If the lessons of history are of any value, if the experience since 1849 has any significance, it is certain that a State is here to flourish, unique in organization, composite in its institutions, progressive in its tendencies. Here the best forms of Christian culture and civilization are to be in the ascendant; education is to be widely diffused; and the favorable sky and soil are to render the physical conditions of life enjoyable to an immense population, who will find it easy to secure a subsistence, easy to cultivate their mental and moral natures, and easy to lay by something for sickness and old age.

IN AN ADDRESS for the Kentucky State Press Association, Murat Halstead, last week, said: "Twenty-five years ago there were two journals issued on this continent that could be called independent, viz.: *The Herald* and the *Tribune* of New York. They were conducted by the men of genius who founded them. Each expressed the character of the man who made it. James Gordon Bennett was a newsmen. Horace Greeley was a man of opinions—ideas, if you please. Bennett's paper had the larger circulation—Greeley's the greater influence. Bennett was not of any political party, and despised them all, and their leaders with them, and laughed over his own defeats. Greeley was always on higher ground than his party occupied, was hopeful of its statesmen, and grieved with a personal sorrow over its discomfitures. In one sense he was a party man, and a believer in other men, but he never spared the rod among his partisans when he believed they betrayed the cause of the people. If the qualities of the two great journals—the *Herald* and *Tribune*—could have been combined, the product would have been almost the ideal newspaper. Distinct, hostile, but associated in their location and by their strong contrasts, they were the only American journals to be counted out of party calculations—known to be alike fearless and unpurchasable. Now there is no considerable city in the country that is

without a newspaper, and often there is more than one, either absolutely independent or approximating that condition; and the more independent journals are, as a rule, those highest in public favor." He might have added that Mr. Bennett once asked Mr. Greeley to begin the publication of the *Herald* with him.

MR. SAMUEL B. HUGGLES does not jump enthusiastically at political conclusions. He presents some statistics to show that the farmer of the West has enjoyed most of the advantages of trade and government. He teaches us that the people of ten States north of the Ohio River owned, in 1850, farm property valued at \$914,000,000. The population of these States had doubled in the past ten years. In 1870, the value of this farm property was \$5,132,000,000. The value of farm products was not given in 1850 and 1860, but in 1870 it was shown in these States to be \$978,000,000. The farmer was not a serf. He had no tyrannical landlord to oppress him. It was shown that 975 out of every 1,000 farmers in this section owned their farms. In twenty years they had accumulated \$5,000,000,000 worth of property. The census of 1870 showed that there were 2,000,000 farmers. This would give an average amount of \$2,400 to each. It was shown that each and all of these poverty-stricken farmers above the age of ten years were in the receipt of an income of \$450. In the light of this great progress, what would be the result in the year 1900? In 1850 there were raised 300,000,000 bushels of grain in those States; in 1860, 500,000,000 bushels; in 1870, 810,000,000 bushels, or 21,000,000 tons of grain. Of this amount, 10,000,000 bushels must be carried from the lake ports. He had been a canal man all his days. What is needed is that the canal shall be enlarged. Steam is now triumphant. The railroads must disappear and give place to water transportation. Canada is better governed than the United States, for she has appropriated \$6,000,000 to facilitate water transportation. The Canadians will yet carry grain from Lake Michigan to Montreal for \$3.50 per ton. It costs \$6.45 per ton to bring it to this city. We must have more adequate canal transportation, or Montreal will divert the trade of New York to the St. Lawrence.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN says that one of General Grant's good points—and he has a number of them, as well as some which are not so good—is his ingenueness. It says this with all deference to his distinguished predecessor in office, who is understood to hold a quite opposite opinion. Under his correction, we maintain that General Grant, along with his "reticence," possesses not a little of the quality which the French describe by the word *naïveté*. He has nothing of the Talleyrand in his composition. He can hold his tongue, but, when he speaks, he speaks with a lumbering straightforwardness that is either provoking or charming, as may happen. He does not deliberately use language to conceal his ideas; if it sometimes performs this office, it is probably correct as well as charitable to suppose that the fault lies with the President's mental processes, which are liable to become muddy at very short notice. On the occasion when he has an exposition of candor come upon him, he is very candid indeed. Such an occasion befell only the other day. A distinguished member of Congress was talking with the President about the succession of the Treasury Department; perhaps urging upon him with some earnestness the importance of putting in the best obtainable man. General Grant heard what he had to say, and then replied with equal frankness: He did not know of any great financier who could be induced to accept the post. Even if the case were otherwise, if such a Secretary were to be had, he would think twice before taking him. An appointment of that sort would be sure to give great offense at the West and South. Besides, he preferred to have this and the other departments in the hands of men who were not "headstrong" and would carry out his own views. Men who had previously achieved a high position before the country were apt to be obstinate and quarrelsome in the Cabinet, he said. Of course, there is a certain force, and a certain truth, in this view. The Cabinets of General Grant's predecessors, who held a different view and acted upon it, certainly did not display the harmony which appears to reign in General Grant's. It is a historical fact that pretty nearly all of them, from Washington's down to Lincoln's, were disturbed by jealousies and collisions of opinion. That General Grant should prefer to have a different state of things in his Cabinet, and should secure it by choosing his advisers from among a different order of men, is perfectly natural. Military training usually has the effect of making men self-reliant, impatient of contradiction, desirous of having their word on any subject accepted as final by the subordinate. But, with all the obstinacy and quarrelsomeness of those old Cabinets, we are under the impression that few intelligent Americans can compare the men who composed them with those who now surround the Chief Magistrate, and not wish in their hearts that the contrast was a trifle less glaring.

DAUGHTER.

BY
OWEN MEREDITH.

A LITTLE child, scarce five years old,
And blithe as bird on bough;
A little maiden, bright as gold,
And pure as new-fall'n snow.

Things seen, to her, are things unknown;
Things near are far away;
The neighboring hamlet, next our own,
As distant as Cathay!

Far things, which we nor feel, nor see,
To her seem close and clear.
In yon blue sky God's guardian eye
She feels, and feels it near.

What need hath she, our world should be
So wondrous wide and far?
Such words unknown are all her own,
And every word a star!

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POLITICAL PROBLEMS.

UNDERNEATH all the popular selfishness which hinders reasonable national legislation and prevents the advancement of intelligent party principles, there is one feature which is certain to develop into prominence in the approaching political struggle. It is the demand of a vast number of people for a Government which shall assume strong, paternal powers. The Grangers of the West, it is true, ask for free trade, but they do not care whether or not it will benefit the country so long as it will benefit themselves. In all other political endeavors they make extraordinary demands upon the Government. That Government must assume responsibility for the regulation of existing routes of transportation, and add to it a still greater responsibility of constructing new lines. It is required to extend its Treasury powers so as to affect the figures on a farmer's bank-book, the memoranda on his mortgages, and the percentage on his bills payable. The people making these demands are great in numbers and in political influence, and no doubt most of their representatives honestly agree with them.

The workmen of the cities, like the craftsmen of olden Venice and Genoa, seek in national legislation remedies for low wages and for the exactions of trade. They invoke Congress for the passage of laws to regulate hours of labor and the money terms of contracts. This class, also, is a large one, and although it possesses no principles in common with the farmers, its demands are for a strong paternal government, which shall assume charge of a man's life, trade and bread.

The tendency of our institutions is towards the very strength which these classes favor. Since 1861 the powers of our Government have grown greater than would have pleased the most impatient Federalist. Germany, as a bureaucracy, is no stronger than the United States. The extraordinary powers wielded by the Administration of Lincoln, through leaders who were ambitious, developed the strength of the departments, and made secrecy a necessity of Republican statesmanship. The Secretary of State wields a secret power more formidable than that of an English Minister, and Fish may diplomatically where Pitt would have been discouraged. A Secretary of the Treasury asks no man's leave to declare that to him such a thing as political science cannot exist, and that he will use forty-four millions of dollars with as much personal freedom as he would forty-four nickel cents. We have seen the strange and humiliating spectacle of a Government official going about negotiating with merchants for a compounding of crimes. If citizens of South Carolina are robbed of their lands, they implore the protection of the President. If the Supreme Court of Arkansas ousts one man from the Governor's Chair in order to place another man in it, the President's Attorney-General is called upon to decide whether the decision of the Supreme Court or the decision of the State Legislature shall be final, and the law-officer of the Government becomes the political sponsor of the land. And now the demand is made not only that the powers of these bureaus shall continue, but that responsibilities shall be added to other departments, so that the strongest man in the Government shall be the Secretary of the Interior. The people would surrender all knowledge of the workings of Government, and would give to an Administration the control of trade, of diplomacy, of money, of everything but the choice of a few of the men who have charge of the secrets of public affairs. They would increase the facilities for the exercise of personal cupidity and corruption in public men.

What the country needs, and, for the amelioration of evils, should require, is not greater complexity, but greater simplicity, in government. We should not push our Government so far away from us that when a man becomes an official he becomes our patron. Half the evils now affecting the comfort of communities and the happiness of individuals arise from a pernicious system nicknamed "American," which, under a pretense of benefiting the laborer, has destroyed the necessity for his handicraft. Protection gave the British flag to the travel of the Atlantic and to the coast trade of the Pacific. And yet the people who are suffering from that system are asking for it in another shape. We would be rid of Simons and of Jayne, but we have neither the courage nor the intelligence to pull down the pillars of the custom-houses upon the heads of the Philistines. We ask for a private bank-

ing law, but we are not willing to have the Government surrender its monopoly of the banking business. We would prevent the Government from subsidizing railroads, but we would compel it to build canals. We send small men into office to wield the powers of giants. To Richardson we give the powers of a Necker. To Fish we delegate the combined strength of a Richelieu and a Francia. It is the system more than the men that is wrong. The men have too much to do. Without wisdom, they exercise individual discretion in matters of national importance of which the people never hear. The administration of public affairs under such a system can never be equal to the wishes, the wants and the progress of the people.

QUEENS OF CONGRESS.

THERE is an element which surrounds Congress when that august body is in session out of which springs a potent influence in legislation. It is the presence of women as lobbyists. The visitor at the Capitol may not see them, for they are not frequenters of the galleries of either house. But the unwary legislator who is not proof against the blandishments of woman is only too apt to meet them face to face, and lose his vote and soul at their behests. They swarm the ladies' room of the Senate from morning till night, and many a hoary Senator has answered to their summons, and yielded conscience and honor at their appeals. They are even seen in the other rooms looking earnestly into senatorial eyes, but how they get there is a mystery to everybody except themselves and the doorkeepers. On the House side there is less chance for them. The ladies' room there is too small for long interviews with Congressmen, and as the male lobby swarms that part of the Capitol to repletion, the average Representative is averse to being seen with women of doubtful reputation. Even the Senator, a little more hardened than the hardy Representative, sometimes grows nervous under the public caresses of these women, who carry the manners of the street after dark into the very halls of legislation.

Who are these women who thus publicly beseech Senators for their votes, and hint at a recompense which even they cannot more than suggest? Some of them are the wives of public men—officers in the army, Congressmen, department clerks. A very brilliant specimen called herself, and perhaps she was, the wife of a general distinguished in the war. Some of them claim to be writers for the Press, but for what papers nobody ever knows. Most of them are mere adventurers. But whoever or whatever they are, they cannot pursue the devious paths of the lobby and remain pure in the eyes of men. Any woman who goes to Washington to indulge in the exciting pursuits of the lobby leaves her good name behind; and the taint does not stop with those who are known to solicit the votes of members, but it follows women everywhere in Washington, and attaches as much to the leaders of fashion and young girls in the departments as to the brazen-faced creatures who make Capitol Hill their headquarters.

It was the custom a few years ago for a large lobby to keep open house. The Washington Ring imitated this idea by founding a social Club. But the lobby, bolder than the Ring, brought a woman to preside in the elegant parlors of their mansion, and both to tempt and betray unwary Congressmen who came under her witchery. It was little better than the panel game. Indeed it was more disreputable, for those by whom this business was conducted had not fallen so low in the social scale. The system has disappeared in name, but not in fact, since the Queens of Congress still live, and by greater discretion are able to reign in society, and so the more securely practice the blandishments of a female lobbyist. The prevailing custom of weekly receptions is a great aid to women in the lobby. If the lobbyist is the wife of a Congressman, or of a cabinet officer, or an officer in the army, she can "receive" without suspicion, and her languishing eyes plead her cause without scandal. A grand ball or a magnificent party, where even the President may attend without discredit, may be in fact only a field-day for the Bill which is to come up in the House the next day or the next week. Literary and art receptions are a comfortable cloak for vice and business. But all this kind of work is in the nature of a *specialité*. Mostly the female lobbyist attaches to herself a few prominent men, and sells them in the market for what they will fetch. She deals in small matters, and obtains the votes of her "friends" as a personal favor. Sometimes she can accomplish something really worth her while by having one of her men "engineer" her Bill through the House, while another cares for it in the Senate. All this is very quickly done, and it is not often that the detectives of the Newspaper Press are able to trace and expose it. These are after all, the real Queens of Congress, and they reign in their own sphere more supremely than the younger and handsomer butterflies of fashion who are so ambitious to spend a Winter in Washington.

Speaking of the lady lobbyists, the reader would perhaps like to know their kinds, their beauties, their charms, and what they have to give. They are wives sometimes, widows oftener, belles but seldom, and fresh young

girls never. It requires maturity and experience in the lobby—a knowledge of men and of the world. Youth has no place by the side of the simulation of youth. Actual beauty has no power able to compete with the beauty that is made by the touch of an artist. It is the beautiful Miss Mantelot, who changes her style with her wig, who becomes the most accomplished lobbyist. Her charms consist in what ever will blind the man—first attacking his eyes, then captivating his senses, and finally betraying his judgment and his conscience. But the women have nothing to give except themselves, or the promise of themselves. They are not the almoners of the bounty of great corporations, and when they get money they keep it. The Senator or Representative is bought through them, Samson finding when it is too late that it was his own Delilah by whom he was shorn of his strength.

THE FIELD OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

AT the opening of the Social Science Association in this city on Tuesday evening, last week, the genial Howadji made a very pleasant but not very instructive address. He endeavored, not unnaturally, to give some reasonably clear idea of the nature of Social Science; and he managed, with great propriety and with all his invariable charm of style, to show that he has but dipped along the surface of that profound subject, and that he hardly himself knows what Social Science is. Far be it from us to detract from the value of his adherence to any cause that he may espouse. It is, of itself, a guarantee that the cause is a pure and honorable one, and that it is, as a whole, under the dominion of common sense. For Mr. Curtis, though certainly a man of fine sentiment, and a trifle too lackadaisical for this hard and wicked world, is not sentimental, and has a pure tincture of penetrating reason about even his most manneristic thought. But he is nevertheless not an original student of Social Science, and his attitude towards it is precisely that warm, enthusiastic, almost affectionate attitude which unfits a man for seeing the wide scope and the essential principles of the science. He recognizes the beneficence of the science, and is enamored with that; but he does not appear to have got sufficiently near the science itself to convey to his hearers any very definite conception of what it is he sees and admires in it.

Nor can it be said that the Association of which Mr. Curtis is the President sees very clearly what is the field it has undertaken to occupy, or in what way it can most effectively and completely be filled. Its work appears disjointed. Doubtless many of its papers are important. They are the work of those "having authority." Dr. Woolsey, on International Law; Mr. David A. Wells, on Taxation; Prof. Sumner, on Finance—these need but be named to be recognized. But the contributions of these gentlemen, valuable and interesting as they are, do not have any such distinct and peculiar value as they should possess by virtue of their connection with the work of the Association. They are worth no more than a similar number of independent essays prepared by these gentlemen for the *Atlantic* or the *Galaxy*. They help towards the ends of the Association, but in a scattered way.

Mr. Curtis said, in his address, that the Association desired to concentrate the single rays of light afforded by individual observers in Social Science in one focus. But the Association does not do this. It simply makes itself the translucent medium between a limited number of observers and the public. It no more "concentrates" their observations than a pane of window-glass focuses the chance rays that happen to hit its surface at the right angle to go through it.

Social Science is to-day in the chaotic condition that the science of Geology was in Europe a century ago, when its professors were wrangling over wild theories, and ignoring the facts that lay open and conspicuous before their very spectacles. Sir Charles Lyell has graphically described this era in the history of that science. Men were hotly divided over the question whether the Vulcanist theory was correct, which gave to nearly all things an origin in fire, or the Neptunian theory, which gave to all an origin in water; while, as the quarrel raged, the fossil records of the world were being day by day unrolled in beautiful symmetry and in startling significance, giving the lie to both theories. At this moment a little band of resolute and devoted men pledged their faith on a novel enterprise, which was to bring them no gold, and possibly no fame, but which was to be of incalculable service to the befogged and stranded science. This enterprise was simply the steady observation and collection of facts. Leaving the theories to come when they would, knowing that there would be no lack of them from other brains, perhaps years before they could be of any value, these *enfants perdus*, this forlorn hope of Science, pressed forward in what must have been a dreary and thankless task, had it not been sustained by the genuine scientific spirit. The results have been great in extent and value, and Geology to-day is hardly less exact than Astronomy, and as well provided with those fundamental truths which practically remove all limit from future investigation.

The field of the Social Science Association

is plainly indicated by this incident in the history of Geology. It is the field of systematic investigation. The meeting of the representatives of the municipal Boards of Health is a step in the right direction. The proposition of Mr. Sanborn that the Association should use all its influence to secure a permanent Census Bureau in the National Government, and Bureaus of Statistics in the several States, is another. The work of the Association is to direct and fertilize, as far as it can, the labors of its members. It is quite possible for the distinguished gentlemen who belong to it to agree on certain general established facts in their respective departments, and on certain logical and comprehensive lines of investigation, in the regions only yet partially explored. If they will do this, their annual meeting will become something more than an audience for listening to promiscuous papers by chance contributors, throwing only scattering gleams of light into the surrounding darkness. And the Association will be relieved from such crude and aimless efforts as the paper of Mr. George Walker on Finance, and the absurd hash of the Secretary of our Board of Health on Ventilation. It will be saved from beating over and over again the threshed and winnowed straw of established truths or exploded blunders, and will become, what it ought to be, a powerful agent in the discovery of truth. Take, for instance, the department of Finance. Here there are certain truths perfectly established, and certain very important questions still unsettled. Of the former a greater part were fixed by the investigations of the British Bullion Committee in 1810—a committee not of financiers, but of clear-headed, sensible and impartial students of financial science. Their labors show how precious may be the fruit of such examinations as are now quite within the compass of the Social Science Association. Of the questions yet unsettled, our country affords many instances, and many facilities for orderly and exhaustive inquiry. But the field must be gone over systematically if any decent harvest is to be looked for. There is no room for doubt that an investigation under the direction of Prof. Sumner and Mr. Wells would be simply invaluable.

Mr. Herbert Spencer—the only modern thinker who can claim any mastery of the domain of Social Science—has shown what can be done in this way by his marvelous Social Science Charts, now in course of publication. Surely what an unaided explorer, of modest means, overwhelmed with labor, and weighed down by physical distress, can undertake, may be emulated by an active and growing Association like that which has just adjourned.

RUSSIAN POLICY.

THE Czar is now visiting his royal cousin Victoria, and, like all well-conducted potentates when engaged in visits of state, endeavors to make himself agreeable by saying smooth things. Thus we are informed that he recently asserted that "the aim of Russia is to preserve the peace of Europe." He could have said nothing better calculated to please the English people, who still feel uneasy as to the possibility of being again compelled to engage in a costly war to defend Turkey against Russia. Undoubtedly at the present moment the Czar has nothing to gain by a European war, and hence his assertion is in a measure true. In a larger sense, however, it is very far from the truth. The policy of Russia is not primarily to preserve the peace of Europe, but to gain possession of the Turkish seaports.

When, at the end of the Crimean War, Russia was not only defeated in her attempt to seize Constantinople, but was compelled to bind herself by treaty to maintain no ships-of-war in the Black Sea, she by no means abandoned her traditional and necessary policy of striving for a southern seacoast line. The Baltic ports are closed half the year by the climate, and Russia's only means of becoming powerful on the seas is to become mistress of the Turkish ports on the Mediterranean. To suppose that she will ever abandon the hope of seizing upon Constantinople, and subsequently upon the ports on the coast of Asia Minor, is to ignore the relentless tenacity with which every nation which has preceded her in the race for imperial power has schemed and fought for a coast line. Compelled by the issue of battle to postpone her active aggressions on Turkey, Russia acquiesced in the treaty which forbade her to possess a Black Sea fleet, and it was only after many years had passed, and the Czar felt confident that England, without allies, would not attempt to enforce the treaty, that he quite recently announced that he considered the restriction as to the Black Sea no longer binding, and quietly began to rebuild the Black Sea fleet. Naturally this action created much interest in England, and was viewed with unconcealed suspicion. But it was of far less importance than the steady policy which Russia had been pursuing for ten years in Central Asia, and which had been looked upon as having no possible connection with Russia's struggle for coast line.

Now, what Russia really set herself to do, after the defeat of the Crimea had blocked the direct road to the Mediterranean, was to stealthily approach Turkey from the East, and to gain the Mediterranean by crossing the Euphrates instead of the Danube. In pur-

suance of this design, she strengthened herself on the south shores of the Caspian, from which position she can march down the Valley of the Tigris. Persia she has already made virtually her dependent, both by her mastery of the Caspian and her later conquest of Samarcand and the Khanate of Bokhara. She can at any time seize upon Teheran, and invade Turkey on the west and Afghanistan on the south. The former means the conquest of Constantinople from the Asiatic side, and the latter means the establishment of a Russian port on the Indian Ocean. Of course the invasion of Afghanistan, and most probably that of Turkey from any direction, would involve Russia in a war with England. But so long as England is unsupported by European allies, as she would be nearly certain to be, Russia can afford to risk the chances of revenging Balaklava and Inkermann.

And we find, if we trace Russian policy further Eastward, that the contingency of a war with England has been carefully provided against. Recently it has been discovered that Russia has made a treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, with Japan, by which the latter is bound, in the event of a war between Russia and England, to close her ports to vessels of the latter nation. With China it is admitted that Russian influence is now far more powerful than that of either England or France. The Court of Peking listens to the Russian Ambassador with a respect akin to that with which the Sultan's Ministers were formerly accustomed to listen to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. A Russian garrison is even established at Kalgan, a town at one of the gates of the Great Wall, and this Russian garrison may at any time grow to be an army against which the Great Wall would be as powerless as a paper rampart. Thus in China, Japan, Bokhara and Persia we find Russia steadily, systematically and powerfully counteracting and overcoming English influence, and so surrounding India with a chain of Russian garrisons, or of Asiatic allies firmly bound to the Czar. The policy which has achieved and is achieving these results is not directed primarily to the extension of Russian authority in the East. Russia schemes in Japan, intrigues with China, and fights in Bokhara, in order to gain Constantinople and access to the Mediterranean. And yet England has suffered herself to fancy that Russia had abandoned her designs on Turkey, merely because she showed no signs of marching across the Danube; and has even now accepted in good faith the Czar's smooth speech as to his desire to preserve the peace of Europe.

Some day—and perhaps not a very distant day—we shall see the fruits of the real policy of Russia since the Crimean War. A Russian army will march down the Valley of the Tigris, and annihilate the Turkish power long before there is a hostile shot fired on the Bosphorus. England, we may suppose, will make the first appearance of Russian troops on Turkish soil the signal for a declaration of war. But in such a war she would find herself at once exposed to the attacks of a Russian force entering India by way of Cashmere, and would find herself, too, without a single friend on the whole Asiatic Continent, from the Red Sea to the Amoor River. To defend India would tax her utmost power by land, while the absence of any Russian enemy on the seas, and the impossibility of striking any effective blow by a new invasion of the now unimportant Crimea, or by a second naval promenade in sight of the batteries of Cronstadt, would render her vast superiority as a naval power a matter of no consequence. Neither Germany nor Austria would be induced to join with England in fighting battles in India or Asia Minor, and they would be entirely willing to let Russia pursue her own course in Asia, so long as she kept the peace on the Danube and in European Turkey. What could England, with her limited military resources, achieve in a single-handed conflict with a power which boasts an army of a million and a half of men, and which would have the moral support of every other Asiatic power?

It is not a scheme to be worked out in a day, this capture of Constantinople from the East; but Russia has steadily devoted herself to it for fifteen years, and has made gigantic strides towards its accomplishment. Every league gained by the Russian army in Bokhara—every increase of Russian influence in Japan and China and Persia—has brought the Czar further on his way to Constantinople. It may be the policy of Russia to preserve the peace of Europe, but she expects to achieve that end, not by abandoning her schemes for coast line, but by transferring the battleground by which the ports of the Mediterranean are to be won, from Europe to Asia.

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

DISRAELI wants the English Government to give its attention to the Fine Arts.

MR. DAWES is no longer the ally of General Butler. Dawes is proud and weak.

IT IS NOT TRUE that the engraving of the Philadelphia New Age is done with a pickaxe. It is done with a corkscrew.

SECRETARY RICHARDSON will not be resigned until the newspapers stop criticising the President's appointment. Richardson may be a nobody, but anybody must not say so.

THE politicians are trying to grab the Geneva award. Gentlemen, have a little care, and do not steal so openly as you have done.

HORATIO SEYMOUR, with commendable good sense, declines to be a candidate for Governor of New York; and the Manhattan Club will now employ a submarine diver to furnish it with a leader.

BOSS SHEPHERD's case looks blacker. It has been proved that gross over-calculations and over-payments for work were made, and that the whole management of District of Columbia affairs was a fraud.

GENERAL BUTLER speedily gave \$500 to aid the victims of the Northampton flood. This action will make him popular in Western Massachusetts, and give him many votes that he had no idea of receiving when he gave the money.

WHEN SENATOR STEWART's daughter was married, a few weeks ago, the invited guests got very drunk and destroyed the crockery, and Mrs. Stewart shut up the supper-room. Washington society is very refined and aristocratic.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know, apropos of our article on Mr. John Roach, how, if the latter got work at seven dollars a month, he could in three years save fifteen hundred dollars. Does our correspondent suppose that he never received any more than seven dollars a month?

LORD DERBY, English Foreign Minister, in answer to an inquiry from Lord Russell, says that there are elements of foreign trouble in Europe, but that England will maintain herself by adherence to her treaties. England will be a tame peace-maker, and will not adopt alliances which may harm her.

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT of the London Times says that Prince Bismarck said to Victor Emanuel last year at Berlin that enough had not been done to paralyze France, and that German troops should have overrun France and demanded an enormous indemnity. If Bismarck said so, he only wanted to scare the King.

THE INDIANAPOLIS JOURNAL devotes a column to saying that it has a new Bullock press that will make one hundred and fifty impressions per minute. This is a deserved compliment to a fine piece of machinery, and its efficacy may be seen in the fact that while heretofore the Journal has consumed a half-hour in issuing its edition, it will now require only three or four minutes.

MR. JAMES LICK is a wealthy Friscan, the builder of a great hotel, and he is going to have a telescope under the California stars. This million-dollar telescope is expected to bring the moon within thirty miles of its object glass. That is, the moon will be nearer to San Francisco than Mount Diablo. But Prof. Proctor treats the idea with a bit of sarcasm that painfully suggests lunar caustic.

CONGRESSMAN POTTER has killed his chance for the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York by saying that in the future some of the larger States may secede. Mr. Cox, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination, said that Mr. Potter does not represent the sentiments of the Democratic Party in Congress. We do not think Mr. Potter meant to favor secession, but only to provide against it.

THE HAZING BUSINESS at the Michigan University having been paid for by the boys in the sentence that they be suspended, they begin to complain that they were taken at their word. The whole affair is contemptible on the part of the boys, and though they may have obtained a reputation with very young girls for being hearty, masculine bucks and dare-devils, they have mainly shown themselves to be so many asses. Boys who get their education cheaply should be careful how they abuse their privileges.

AS SUMMER TRAVELING begins, it is one of the most entertaining of occupations to see a very nice man, while ladies are standing, occupying two seats in a car, opening his window upon the baby or old lady directly behind him, putting his knees into the back of the lady in front of him, throwing the boy-peddler's package of prize-candy on the floor, frowning at the young girl who buys a story magazine, and himself taking out a religious newspaper to read how the revivals are progressing throughout the country.

SENATOR TIPTON, of Nebraska, says that he is not a candidate for re-election, but that he would accept the position if it were given to him. Mr. Tipton cannot be elected by the Republicans. Mr. Delano said of him that he is a most spiteful, disappointed religionist, and that he became a Liberal from mere pique, because he could not control all the Nebraska offices. His action in regard to the Senate and the wedding of Miss Grant was mean and contemptible, and the country would have thanked any Senator who would have got up and kicked him.

THE CINCINNATI POLICE have arrested the Crusading Ladies of that city, on a charge of disorderly conduct. The list of persons shows that they were native American women. Indeed, no other race of women would have been excited to crusading. Our women are nervous, sensitive and imaginative. They are natural hypochondriacs. Some Bagehot, in studying them, would discover the natural relation between women's physical weakness and their religion. Old maids always have the strictest code of youthful morals, and Brooklyn ministers are so constituted that they are subject to the sorest temptations.

THE SENATE has passed the Legislative, Judicial and Executive Appropriation Bill. It was no easy task, since the people are watching every Senator, and demanding not only that the Government shall be run for less than it is costing, but that it shall cost as near nothing as possible. We are of opinion that the Senate did right in refusing to be bullied into measures by demagogic newspapers. The Bill, as passed, is a decent one, is as economical as could be expected, is in the interests of reform, and, thanks to Senator Sargent, prevents dishonesty, without being a public comment upon the frailty of Government officials.

A WRITER in the Herald having said that our publishers ought to seek some of the bright young fellows on the American Press for their writers, instead of republishing English works, a wide discussion and criticism has ensued. We think it would be much better if some of the bright young fellows would seek the publishers. If any one of them will show his ability to write a history after the manner of "Knight's Pictorial History of England," he will easily get a publisher. If any one of them will write a "Christie Johnstone," he will have twenty publishers after him. The fact is that American publishers are only too ready to print trash; and that no man has yet offered anything to supersede the republications of Dickens, Reade and Black. The bright young fellows are not bright.

ADJOINING the city of San Francisco, on the northwest, lies an elevated tract of sandy land which casts its noontide shadows upon the waters of the Golden Gate. It is a Government reservation, and it is called "the Presideo." In the old Spanish times it was occupied by forts which commanded the entrance to the bay. San Francisco wants this reservation for a public park—and the city sadly needs it. It is now occupied by fortifications. The city proposes to beautify this only place where its people may walk for pleasure and catch magnificent views. The place is necessary, too, as a public highway, and the Government should not act the dog in the manger by trying to sell it to private parties, instead of giving its use to the two hundred thousand people who crowd the city on the bay. The improvements promised by the public spirit of San Francisco would be a benefit to the General Government, and would turn an arid, dazzling sand-hill into a paradise. And when Senator Edmunds comes from Vermont to say that the Government might rather sell the twelve hundred acres, he shows how narrow and cold he is.

THE FARMERS' MOVEMENT in ILLINOIS is represented by Mr. W. C. Flagg, and from his own statements we have an imperfect but interesting account of the agricultural opinion of parties; which is, that it seems to be the law of American politics that successful parties must organize on radical principles and fight their way to success. Success brings quiescence and conservatism—a perpetuation and defense of existing facts, good and bad. Another party, more radical and progressive, arises and attacks, abuses and marches on to more advanced practices. Such, at least, has been the experience of the two great parties of the country. The Democratic Party, denounced and feared in its inception as revolutionary and agrarian, rose rapidly to power, held it long, abused it, and sinks to a dishonored grave. The Republican Party, deriving its inspiration from the principle of universal equality laid down in our Declaration, could not be kept down by threats or gibes. It became the great party of the country. But to-day, seated in the high places of power, it can hardly keep its skirts clear of corruption, or meet the further demands of radicalism. If it does not, the near future will show a party built on the same corner-stone of equal and exact justice, whose fight will be "war to the knife" with the legal but unjust privileges of chartered monopolies.

"CALIFORNIA AS A SOCIAL STUDY" was last week treated in a paper read before the Social Science Convention by Professor D. C. Gilman, President of the University of California, and the writer develops some new ideas concerning that State. It appears that the present condition of California society exhibits a great amount of mental vigor and enterprise. The peculiar relations of the harbor of San Francisco to the rest of the State have had great influence upon the development of society. The Golden Gate gives access not only to the one great harbor of California, but to a magnificent bay, into which flow the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, thus giving a natural passage to the great wheat-fields of the interior. This gives the city an ascendancy not likely to be impaired. One of the most remarkable of the social phenomena in California has been the persistent adherence of the people, rich and poor alike, to a specie basis, while all the rest of the country has been trading with paper. California is rapidly becoming the centre of bullion operations for the world. If the lessons of history are of any value, if the experience since 1849 has any significance, it is certain that a State is here to flourish, unique in organization, composite in its institutions, progressive in its tendencies. Here the best forms of Christian culture and civilization are to be in the ascendant; education is to be widely diffused; and the favorable sky and soil are to render the physical conditions of life enjoyable to an immense population, who will find it easy to secure a subsistence, easy to cultivate their mental and moral natures, and easy to lay by something for sickness and old age.

IN AN ADDRESS for the Kentucky State Press Association, Murat Halstead, last week, said: "Twenty-five years ago there were two journals issued on this continent that could be called independent, viz.: The Herald and the Tribune of New York. They were conducted by the men of genius who founded them. Each expressed the character of the man who made it. James Gordon Bennett was a newsman. Horace Greeley was a man of opinions—ideas, if you please. Bennett's paper had the larger circulation—Greeley's the greater influence. Bennett was not of any political party, and despised them all, and their leaders with them, and laughed over his own defeats. Greeley was always on higher ground than his party occupied, was hopeful of its statesmen, and grieved with a personal sorrow over its discomfitures. In one sense he was a party man, and a believer in other men, but he never spared the rod among his partisans when he believed they betrayed the cause of the people. If the qualities of the two great journals—the Herald and Tribune—could have been combined, the product would have been almost the ideal newspaper. Distinct, hostile, but associated in their location and by their strong contrasts, they were the only American journals to be counted out of party calculations—known to be alike fearless and unpurchasable. Now there is no considerable city in the country that is

without a newspaper, and often there is more than one, either absolutely independent or approximating that condition; and the more independent journals are, as a rule, those highest in public favor." He might have added that Mr. Bennett once asked Mr. Greeley to begin the publication of the Herald with him.

MR. SAMUEL B. RUGGLES does not jump enthusiastically at political conclusions. He presents some statistics to show that the farmer of the West has enjoyed most of the advantages of trade and government. He teaches us that the people of ten States north of the Ohio River owned, in 1850, farm property valued at \$914,000,000. The population of these States had doubled in the past ten years. In 1870, the value of this farm property was \$5,132,000,000. The value of farm products was not given in 1850 and 1860, but in 1870 it was shown in these States to be \$978,000,000. The farmer was not a serf. He had no tyrannical landlord to oppress him. It was shown that 975 out of every 1,000 farmers in this section owned their farms. In twenty years they had accumulated \$5,000,000,000 worth of property. The census of 1870 showed that there were 2,000,000 farmers. This would give an average amount of \$2,400 to each. It was shown that each and all of these poverty-stricken farmers above the age of ten years were in the receipt of an income of \$460. In the light of this great progress, what would be the result in the year 1900? In 1850 there were raised 300,000,000 bushels of grain in those States; in 1860, 500,000,000 bushels; in 1870, 810,000,000 bushels, or 21,000,000 tons of grain. Of this amount, 10,000,000 bushels must be carried from the lake ports. He had been a canal man all his days. What is needed is that the canal shall be enlarged. Steam is now triumphant. The railroads must disappear and give place to water transportation. Canada is better governed than the United States, for she has appropriated \$6,000,000 to facilitate water transportation. The Canadians will yet carry grain from Lake Michigan to Montreal for \$3.50 per ton. It costs \$6.45 per ton to bring it to this city. We must have more adequate canal transportation, or Montreal will divert the trade of New York to the St. Lawrence.

THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN says that one of General Grant's good points—and he has a number of them, as well as some which are not so good—is his ingenuousness. It says this with all deference to his distinguished predecessor in office, who is understood to hold a quite opposite opinion. Under his correction, we maintain that General Grant, along with his "reticence," possesses not a little of the quality which the French describe by the word *naïveté*. He has nothing of the Talleyrand in his composition. He can hold his tongue, but, when he speaks, he speaks with a lumbering straightforwardness that is either provoking or charming, as may happen. He does not deliberately use language to conceal his ideas; if it sometimes performs this office, it is probably correct as well as charitable to suppose that the fault lies with the President's mental processes, which are liable to become muddy at very short notice. On the occasion when he has an exposition of candor come upon him, he is very candid indeed. Such an occasion befell only the other day. A distinguished member of Congress was talking with the President about the succession of the Treasury Department; perhaps urging upon him with some earnestness the importance of putting in the best obtainable man. General Grant heard what he had to say, and then replied with equal frankness: He did not know of any great financier who could be induced to accept the post. Even if the case were otherwise, if such a Secretary were to be had, he would think twice before taking him. An appointment of that sort would be sure to give great offense at the West and South. Besides, he preferred to have this and the other departments in the hands of men who were not "headstrong" and would carry out his own views. Men who had previously achieved a high position before the country were apt to be obstinate and quarrelsome in the Cabinet, he said. Of course, there is a certain force, and a certain truth, in this view. The Cabinets of General Grant's predecessors, who held a different view and acted upon it, certainly did not display the harmony which appears to reign in General Grant's. It is a historical fact that pretty nearly all of them, from Washington's down to Lincoln's, were disturbed by jealousies and collisions of opinion. That General Grant should prefer to have a different state of things in his Cabinet, and should secure it by choosing his advisers from among a different order of men, is perfectly natural. Military training usually has the effect of making men self-reliant, impatient of contradiction, desirous of having their word on any subject accepted as final by the subordinate. But, with all the obstinacy and quarrelsomeness of those old Cabinets, we are under the impression that few intelligent Americans can compare the men who composed them with those who now surround the Chief Magistrate, and not wish in their hearts that the contrast was a trifle less glaring.

DAUGHTER.

BY
OWEN MEREDITH.

A LITTLE child, scarce five years old,
And blithe as bird on bough;
A little maiden, bright as gold,
And pure as new-fall'n snow.

Things seen, to her, are things unknown:
Things near are far away:
The neighboring hamlet, next our own,
As distant as Cathay!

Far things, which we nor feel, nor see,
To her seem close and clear.
In yon blue sky God's guardian eye
She feels, and feels it near.

What need hath she, our world should be
So wondrous wide and far?
Such worlds unknown are all her own,
And every world a star!

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 199



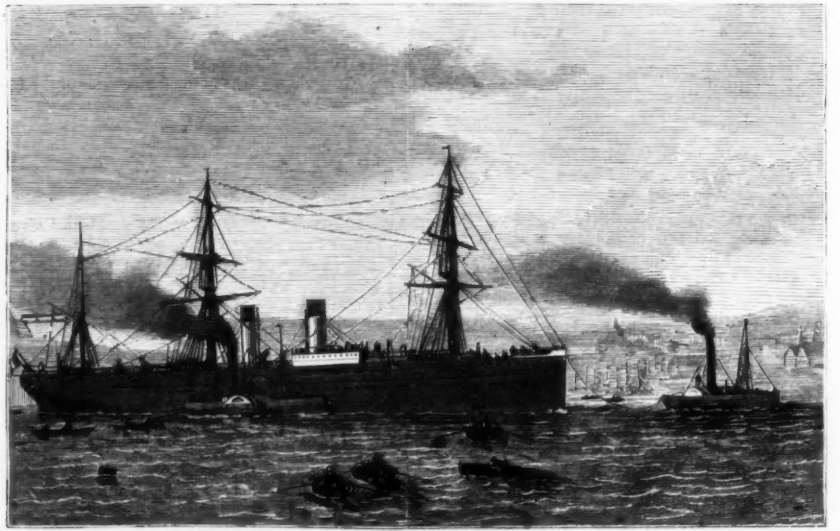
SPAIN.—THE CIVIL WAR—A SCENE IN THE BATTERY OF SAN LORENZO, NEAR BILBAO.



PARIS.—A SOIRÉE AT THE OBSERVATORY.



INDIA.—THE BENGAL FAMINE—FOREIGNERS AND NATIVES CROSSING A RIVER.



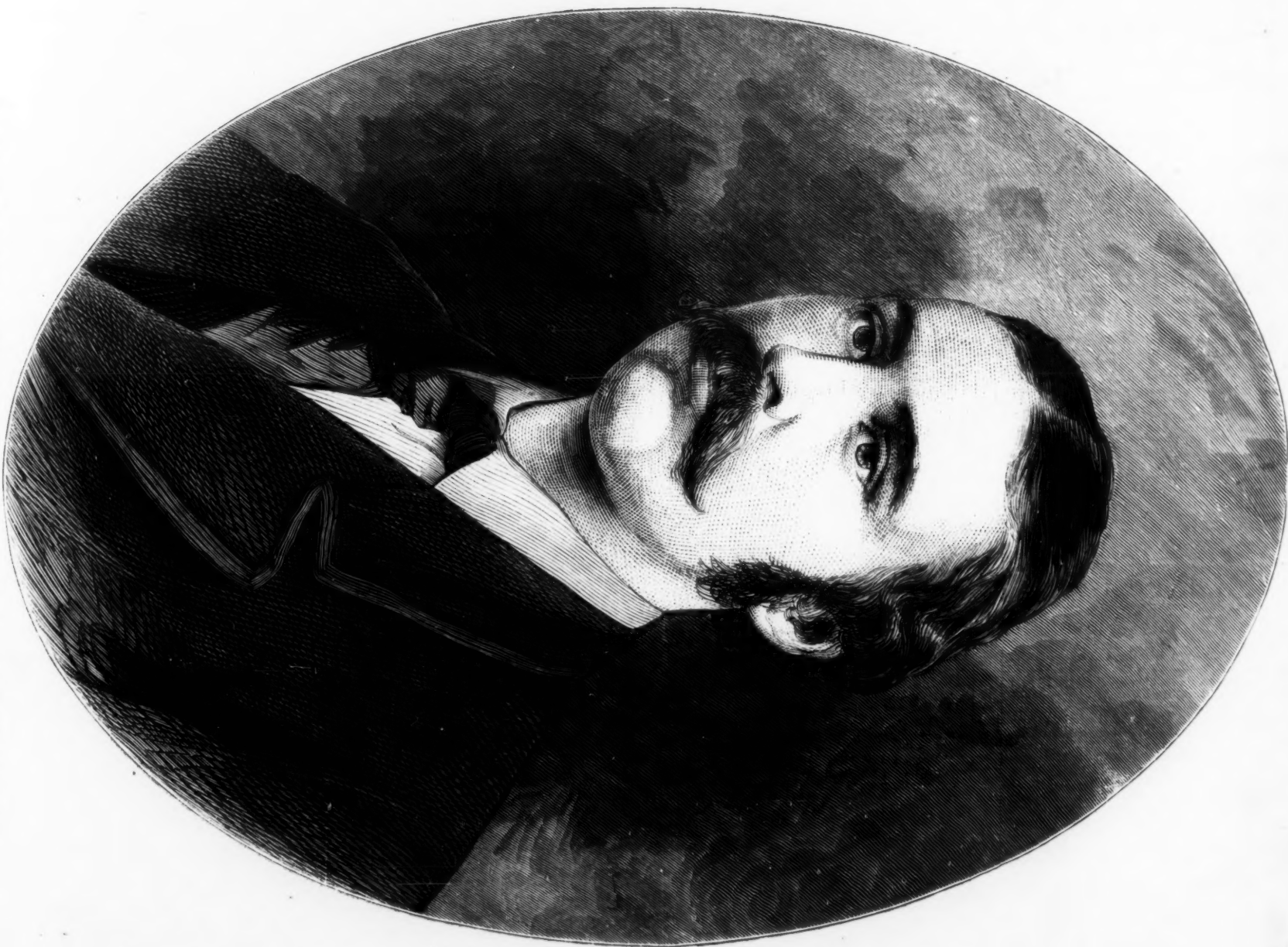
ENGLAND.—THE FRENCH STEAMSHIP "AMÉRIQUE" TOWED INTO PLYMOUTH HARBOR.



ENGLAND.—THE GREAT AGRICULTURAL LOCK-OUT—A FARMER AND HIS MEN DISCUSSING THE SITUATION.



MISS ALGERNON C. F. SARTORIUS, nee MISS NELLIE GRANT, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY C. D. FREDERICKS, N. Y.



MR. ALGERNON CHARLES FREDERICK SARTORIUS, OF WARPS ASH HOUSE, HAMPSHIRE, ENGLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOVEJOY & POSTER, CHICAGO.—SEE PAGE 198.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

A PENNY for your thoughts, Malvine;
Where are they drifting now?
I have watched for half an hour past
A pucker on your brow,
And a queer little clip of the under lip,
Which I wholly disallow.

Come close and make confession, sweet;
I'll shrive you, never fear;
But fold those slim white hands in mine,
And bring your footstool near.
Oh! bother your dress! I think you might press
Nearer—so—now, let us hear.

"You wish we had not run away!"
When your folks said No,
And would not allow you to come to me,
What could you do but go?
And, if I am right, on that runaway night
You thought the train too slow.

You trembled like an aspen leaf—
Oh! with the cold alone?
Your lips at least were warm, my dear—
I tried them with my own;
For I thought they looked pale by the altar rail,
Whence two departed one.

"That empty cradle!" Ah, Malvine!
The little soul within
Is spared, perhaps, from many a care,
And unrepented sin;
And the Father, who its future knew,
Has gathered his infant in.

No storms but clear the air, Malvine,
No waves but wear the stone;
The storm that swept our nursery bare,
But made you more my own;
For the childless wife has each day of her life
Husband and love in one.

Grief did but do its perfect work;
God's sublimity washed by rain
Shine ever with a purer light,
A radiance left of stain;
And the eyes, Malvine, that have pierced the screen,
Are the tear-washed eyes of pain.

THE YELLOW BOUDOIR.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

I WAS laughing as I stepped over the threshold into the strange apartment, but my laughter died away the next moment. Diana's words had prepared me for an effect the very opposite to the one which was now made upon my mind. Indistinct, oppressive, even painful, was the influence which weighed upon me as I surveyed its yellow interior, whose hue was unrelieved in ceiling, floor or sides by any other color or any other tint. And with such an impression it was impossible for me to associate the laughing fancy of Diana respecting the Indian nabob. I knew it was foolish of me, culpably foolish, but my imagination conjured up some more striking, more tragic association with the unpleasant room. A vague phantasmagoria of incidents, all romantic, sad, or terrible, rose instantly in my mind, as having been connected with such a scene. Half-forgotten events of tragical history started to my remembrance, and seemed as though they must be linked with such a place as this. Past nightmares of mine recurred to my memory, whose strange and distressing complications and images had such a background for their worrying pastime.

"Why, dear Angèle, you are looking positively frightened!"

"Indeed, I'm not!" I answered hurriedly, as I shook the impression off, to laugh heartily at my folly.

"This room never affects me," said Diana, "though I have known more than one who looked as you did upon entering it. I am much too unimaginative to be influenced by such a place. I am certain my bilious Indian nabob painted it. This new Indian acquaintance of my cousin ought to be placed in its neighborhood. Now let us pass into the next room, and the one beyond, named by me the 'Bachelor's Room.'"

We passed on. "Now look from the window, Angèle. Isn't the view lovely?"

We were in a small room between the Yellow Boudoir and the bedroom beyond.

"Diana, it is beautiful indeed!"

I forgot in a moment my sombre thoughts in the garden and landscape beyond, on which I turned my eyes.

"I must come and sketch this one morning," I said in admiration.

"It's a scene to make the blues vanish, isn't it—even those of my nabob's boudoir?" laughed Diana.

In front of us was a long serpentine lake, bordered on one side by a line of alternating chestnut and willow trees, and on the other by wide sweeping beds of chrysanthemums, three or four yews of considerable age, and by many arbutus-trees; amidst them were two summer-houses of quaint design, with ivy creeping over their sides and roofs. A little boat had broken from its moorings, and was in mid-channel, drifting slowly with the current, and here and there a few swans were taking their quiet stately way. In the distance I saw a vast extent of rich meadow and pasture-land; there were cottages with smoke rising from their chimneys, and near these the white spire of a church arose, with some rocks circling round it. It was a long time since I had looked upon a scene of such peace and beauty.

Suddenly approaching footsteps were heard in a distant corridor.

"Who is that?" cried Diana.

"'Tis Miss Campbell," said I, as her dark face loomed up before us in the doorway.

"Mr. Acland has just arrived," she said, "and I think Mr. Forbes asked you to take him to the shooting, Miss Eliot?"

"Yes; I'll be ready in a few minutes. Run down to him, Angèle."

"You have said nothing to Miss Eliot?" said Miss Campbell, as I returned with her.

"Nothing, indeed."

Mr. Acland and his friend, both in picturesque sporting accoutrements, in readiness for shooting, were in the hall as we descended the stairs.

"Mademoiselle Desormes," said Miss Campbell, introducing me to Mr. Acland. "Her friend, Mr. Forbes's cousin, will be here immediately, and will conduct you to Stanley Wood."

"I am sorry I was not in time to start with them this morning," he said, with extreme politeness. "Some business detained me. Desormes," he added, turning to me; "I knew two Messieurs Desormes, of Lyons and Paris. Is it possible that—"

"They were my uncles," I replied quickly.

"As an Indian general merchant I had business relations with them extending over some years. Your father, I believe, is dead? Yes. I feared the intelligence was correct. Personally I did not know them, as many other business men do not know

their correspondents with whom they have been familiar on paper for years."

"We have heard that you are a good shot," I said, by way of saying something.

"Oh," he laughed, "I have had some strange sport in my time. And so my reputation has preceded me?" And something very like a blush rose to his dark face as he put some cartridges in his pocket.

"If you are ready, Mr. Acland," I said, "here is Miss Diana Eliot, who will conduct you to the sportsmen."

He started, and dropped some cartridges, as though something I had said conveyed matters of great surprise.

The two bowed.

"We shall just be in time for lunch, Mr. Acland," said Diana.

And we left the house.

"Did I understand that your friend's name was Diana Eliot?" he asked of me, in a low voice, as we reached the garden; Diana was a little ahead of us with Mr. Acland's friend.

"Yes."

I am fain to confess that Mr. Acland interested me very much, chiefly, perhaps, because of his having known my relatives. Knowing what I now know of him—that he was one of the falsest, most wicked of men—I am a little surprised that he should have so soon and so completely won my friendly confidence. I believed, upon my first intimacy with him, that he was about forty years of age; his short straight hair being quite black, and his teeth singularly white, large and regular. He walked down the garden with an elastic step; and his figure, well knit and compact, was free from the slightest signs of stoutness; but I heard not long afterwards that he was at least twelve years older than I had supposed him to be; and as I noticed one evening very shortly afterwards that as he was sitting apart, thoughtful and abstracted, he wetted his fingers, and then applied them to his eyelashes, to darken and curl them, I came to the uncharitable conclusion that some of his juvenility of look was produced by various artificial methods. However, at the time he impressed me favorably.

I urge this as some extenuation for the confidence with which I spoke in an open and unguarded manner to him, and as some slight excuse for making those revelations without which he would have found it difficult to act as in a few days, to my great dismay, I found that he was doing.

Mr. Acland was a very observant man, and was not long therefore in making himself master of the various relationships in which the guests stood towards each other. If he was in any doubt, he asked me; and I was, I grieve most bitterly to say, unwise—mad, indeed—enough to enlighten him.

One morning, some days afterwards, at breakfast, two letters were put into his hands whilst he was laughing and chatting with me, who sat opposite to him. He appeared to read one with surprise and with great mortification; the other he did not read for some time. The effect of this was even more startling than that of the first; his dark eyes becoming suddenly bloodshot, the color of his face changing, and its sallow hue turning an ugly white.

"It seems you know my friend Townsend," said Mr. Forbes, from the top of the table. "He writes me saying that he has business with you, and that he will be here in the course of the week."

"Is that all he says?" asked Mr. Acland. He put this question very eagerly.

"All."

"I have had some correspondence with him," said Acland, in a tone of relief. With that he rose (for the breakfast was over,) and walked to the window.

About an hour afterwards, as I was alone in one of the little summer-houses by the lake, I saw his dark erect figure approaching it with his usual light step.

"You've not joined the shooters to-day?" I said, as he entered.

"No. I was a little tired—a most unusual thing with me;" and he seated himself. This was the fourth or fifth time that he had joined me when I was alone.

"Miss Campbell is not very exacting in her claims on you, Mademoiselle Desormes?"

"No, Mr. Acland."

"Was I rightly informed?" (this was a favorite phrase of his) "that Miss Campbell is very wealthy?"

"You were, Mr. Acland. Her father left her an immense fortune."

"I do not wish to intrude upon your confidence, Mademoiselle Desormes; but from my past business connection with your family I believe I may almost regard you in the light of a friend; and—pray pardon my curiosity, and refuse compliance with it if your duty counsels you to do so—but it seems to me that Miss Campbell is not happy. Am I right?"

"Perhaps you are."

"I thought so. And Captain Lindfield is the cause of her unhappiness?"

"Who told you so?" I started: here was a strong proof of his observant powers.

"No one. I surmised this from her conduct."

"You have very sharp eyes, Mr. Acland."

"Right again, eh?" And he laughed his low laugh.

She was engaged to him some years ago, and he broke it off. Ah, I have been indiscreet in telling you this. Pray have pity on my folly, and say nothing to any one else. I do not think I ought to tell you more."

"My curiosity will be perfectly satisfied if you can inform me whether she cares for him still."

I hesitated. Mr. Acland was the master of my discretion.

"She does," I replied, with hesitation—"she loves him, I believe, most passionately."

He rose up as if this was good news to him.

"Poor Miss Campbell and fickle Captain Lindfield!" he said. "Don't look distressed, Mademoiselle Desormes. I will hold your confidence as sacred; and does your friend, Miss Eliot, know nothing of this?"

"Nothing. I had no right to tell her, and promised not to do so. Diana Eliot is very happy, and she is the last person I could help in any way whatever, Mr. Acland, to make unhappy."

"Such charity is rare in the feminine heart. I neither wonder at Miss Campbell's unfortunate attachment nor at Miss Eliot's loving admiration for Captain Lindfield. Such handsome men as he are indeed rarities."

"Miss Eliot is an enthusiastic girl, and has not been alone attracted by such claims to admiration as you concede to Captain Lindfield. I admit that he is very handsome; but Diana is the last girl to love a man for his good looks. In her eyes Captain Lindfield is a hero, the personification of all—in daring, self-sacrifice, hardihood—that she has most admired!"

"Captain Lindfield a hero?" cried Mr. Acland. And he fairly burst out laughing, checking himself suddenly, for Diana was seen coming towards us this moment.

"I don't wonder that a woman with that face," said Acland, ceasing to laugh and lowering his voice, "wants her husband to be hero in something."

The next moment Diana entered.

Late that afternoon, before any candles were lit, and as the fire was throwing an uncertain light into the drawing-room, I came unexpectedly upon Mr. Acland and Miss Campbell in deep conference.

CHAPTER III.—IN THE YELLOW BOUDOIR.

"WE were interrupted yesterday, Mr. Acland, in the drawing-room, by my companion. We may converse undisturbed here." The speaker was Miss Campbell; the scene was the Yellow Boudoir; and the hour about four o'clock the next day.

Attracted by the beauty of the scene visible from the adjoining room, I had gone thither this afternoon with my paint-box, and had been busily occupied until the afternoon shadows were falling. Just as I was on the point of packing up I heard the above remark, with what surprise you who read this will judge.

"This room is sufficiently out of the way and lonely," said Mr. Acland; "and I doubt not is rarely visited."

"You tell me that you have the power to separate Miss Eliot and Captain Lindfield?"

"Yes, I have that power. At least my conviction is very strong on this point. Pardon me if for the present I maintain my secret."

"Your terms are high."

"Ten thousand pounds is not a large sum for a woman of Miss Campbell's means." And Mr. Acland laughed his peculiarly low laugh.

"Perhaps not. But you have not explained to me why you require this money."

"I will not disguise from you that it is essential that I should have this sum on an early day. As for myself, I shall not be materially benefited by the money. If I deprive Miss Eliot of a husband, I ought to make her some compensation."

"Miss Eliot? Be frank with me, Mr. Acland, and tell me all your story. Your hints are only puzzling."

"I owe Miss Eliot ten thousand pounds, and she is ignorant of the fact. In a few days Mr. Townsend (perhaps you may remember Mr. Forbes mentioning this name at breakfast yesterday morning) will be here; and I shall be obliged to render him an account of ten thousand pounds, which ere this I ought to have paid to Miss Eliot or to her representatives. I have it in my power to do so from my own means, but in this case I should be left a very poor man. With your assistance my difficulties will be obviated."

"You have been guilty, then, of some breach of trust."

"I have; and I will explain the whole story. You see how candid I am with you, and place myself in your power. I presume I may confidently rely upon your giving me the sum of ten thousand pounds when the Captain and Miss Eliot are no longer affianced lovers?"

"You may."

"Here's my position; a curious story you will call it. Amongst my Indian friends was a Mr. Joynson, a wealthy merchant of repute, who was related to Miss Eliot's mother, and once on very friendly terms with Mr. Eliot—the latter, I believe, having given him his first start in life. About a week before I purposed leaving Calcutta for Europe, he intrusted me with the sum of ten thousand pounds, to be paid over to Miss Eliot on my arrival in England. Understanding that her pecuniary circumstances were scarcely those of a lady born and educated as she had been, he wished to be of service to her during his lifetime, and to repay a debt of gratitude due from him to her father. The day after he had written me a check for this money he suddenly dropped down dead in his office; the night previously you might have taken a lease of his life. It was discovered that he had made no will; nor left, as I believed, any memorandum of the transaction between ourselves, save a letter to Mr. Townsend in England, of which I then knew nothing. A certain speculation then opening, I was induced to invest in it, and sank a great part of my own capital, and with it the ten thousand pounds of Mr. Joynson. The speculation was in indigo, in which I bought very largely, there having been good grounds for believing the plant that year would fail. To my surprise and dismay, on arriving in Europe, I learned that the indigo plant had that year falsified all prognostications; my investment therefore entailed upon me a heavy loss. In England, with my remaining fortune, I again speculated on the Stock Exchange, under the hope of regaining the money; and the post which brought me a letter saying that Mr. Townsend would shortly be here, brought me further disastrous news that I was again a loser. What reply can I make to Mr. Townsend when he asks me to give an account of my stewardship? My position, Miss Campbell, is not pleasant."

"Indeed it is not."

"When Mr. Joynson died, having made no will and left no memorandum behind him, I little apprehended that there was then a letter on its way to Europe by which I was fatally compromised. Now, Miss Campbell, you know my story as well as I know it myself."

"I will not betray you, Mr. Acland."

In a few moments I heard the door of the boudoir open, and I knew that Mr. Acland and Miss Campbell had left.

After my astonishment at the conspiracy which was on foot (doubly great from Miss Campbell and Mr. Acland being comprehended in so foul a plot,) the question arose, what was I to do? My first and obvious duty was to make the matter known at once to Mr. Forbes.

The afternoon had quite darkened now. I left the room stealthily with my drawing materials, and hurried down-stairs. At the foot of the stairs I met a servant.

"Have the gentleman returned from shooting yet?" I asked.

"Yes, miss, just returned."

"Go then to Mr. Forbes, and say, with my compliments, that I wish to see him immediately."

"Please, miss, master returned some hours ago, and has left since for London."

"Left for London! When does he return?"

"Not for a few days."

"Thank you."

This was awkward and unexpected indeed. My best friend, to assist me in my great difficulty, was gone. For many reasons I hesitated to reveal to Diana what I had heard. My disclosure must in any way be painful; and it was possible that Mr. Acland might have it in his power to effect the separation of which he spoke at once, and effect it by the revelation of facts discreditable to Oscar Lindfield's honor. Both gentlemen had lived in India, and it was a very natural inference on my part that I fixed upon India as having been in some way connected with the means—whatever they might be—possessed by Mr. Acland for carrying out the promise he had made to Miss Campbell. I doubted also whether I should serve my purpose by relating the purport of my interview in the Yellow Boudoir to Mrs. Forbes. She was a staunch friend and admirer of Miss Campbell; an elderly lady with strong prejudices—one of those prejudices being most unaccountably directed against myself.

Unanswerably strong reasons therefore urged my waiting until Mr. Forbes returned.

That evening, for two or three hours, passed with few events. Mrs. Forbes at dinner apologized for the unavoidable absence of her son, whose business in London, relating to an old and valued friend, prevented his presence that night, as it would probably prevent it for two or three more; in the meantime, a near neighbor took his place at the other end of the table. After dinner came cards, billiards and music. Mr. Acland did not enter the drawing-room at all; and Oscar was not there long. He came in about a quarter to ten.

"What is wrong?" asked Diana, eagerly, noticing some signs of emotion on his face.

"Nothing. I have been playing billiards and losing—that's all!"

"I am sure you are hiding something from me."

"I'm not, Diana. I only want my cigar-case, and I left it in this room this morning to be admired by some young ladies, who wanted it as a pattern for a present. Ah, here 'tis!"

He was going.

"I cannot stay."

"You've had a quarrel."

"I have not—only some words."

"With whom?"

"That Indian merchant, Mr. Acland."

With this, he turned quickly and left the room.

"I hate that Indian merchant!" said Diana.

I trembled, but said nothing. I involuntarily glanced at Miss Campbell. I noticed that she was playing a quiet rubber. The storm was coming; I felt it. Mr. Acland was using this game of billiards, either directly or indirectly, for fastening a quarrel upon Oscar Lindfield, and thus leading up to the exposure he had threatened.

"In spite of his smooth ways, I hate that Indian!" said Diana again.

"He hasn't his nickname for nothing."

Just then, the door opening, several loud voices were heard in dispute. I was right. Mr. Acland was about to play his impressive coup.

"If Cousin Forbes had not been called to London, this would never have happened," said Diana, listening to the angry voices of the gentlemen. "I've known the same thing occur before. Hark!"

"You are insulting Captain Lindfield, Mr. Acland," said a voice—the voice of our temporary host.

"I believe Captain Lindfield is accustomed to being insulted," returned Mr. Acland.

I heard him distinctly, although he did not speak loudly.

"I wouldn't stand that, Lindfield," said another gentleman, in a loud voice.

"Shame! shame!" cried others.

"I only repeat what I just now remarked—that Captain Lindfield is accustomed to being insulted. If my play was too good for him, he was at liberty to give up before this; but he hinted under breath (not having the courage to make the remark openly) that I must have been a professional player; and I could not allow that remark to pass unchallenged."

"You taunted him more than once with his play; he had a right to retaliate."

"Retaliate! Quite so. And this is what I maintain; he did not do so in a gentlemanly manner. An after-reflection I could have overlooked; a covert insinuation was beyond my forbearance."

Diana and I had both risen and gone to the door. On our way I had to pass Miss Campbell, whose partner was charging her with a revoke. In her eagerness to catch what was passing outside, I could understand that the game would fare poorly at her hands.

"You ought to apologize, Mr. Acland," said the host.

"I cannot do anything of the kind. If Captain Lindfield were a brave soldier, a brave though indiscreet gentleman, I would willingly overlook his remark, and withdraw mine. But as he is neither—neither, I say—I will not consent to disregard his remark; and I will repeat once more that I know him to be a coward!"

"Oscar"—it was Diana who was speaking—"do not bear such an insult. Give that person the lie." Her voice rang clear over the tumult, and all turned to where we were standing.

"Pray go in," said one; "this is no scene for you."

All the gentlemen about the billiard-table were more or less excited. Oscar's face was white, and his cue trembled in his hand. Mr. Acland, on the other side of the table, was cool; but there was an ugly glitter in his eye.

The players and lookers-on continued their dispute.

"I shall be very glad if Captain Lindfield will give me the lie," observed Mr. Acland, coolly laying aside his cue, and leaning across the table, with his eyes bent on Oscar. "I shall be very glad if Captain Lindfield will give me the lie. I have met him before under interesting circumstances in India."

"It is false," said Oscar, in a low, hesitating voice.

"You are mistaken, Captain Lindfield. We have met before."

Oscar dropped the cue from his hand, and sat down.

"Oh, Oscar," cried Diana, who had gone to his side, "answer this man, whoever he is, and refute his horrible insinuations! It is impossible that he can know anything discreditable to you. I will not believe it!" and she turned defiantly upon Acland.

"I admire your heroism, Miss Eliot," he said coolly; and for your sake I wish that Captain Lindfield were more worthy of it. He has had an ample opportunity of rebutting the observations made by me, and has failed to avail himself of it. I consider, then, that I am at liberty to speak. Captain Lindfield" (addressing Oscar) "I give you another chance of challenging the truth of what I have said. Do you avail yourself of it? You are silent. Then I will speak, and justify the charge I brought against you of being a coward!"

"Oscar!" cried Diana appealingly.

But Oscar did not speak.

"Captain Lindfield," said Mr. Acland, "has been publicly horsewhipped; and he bore the indignity with the most exemplary patience in the world."

"Oscar, I will not believe him yet," whispered Diana in Oscar's ear.

"The event took place about two years ago," Mr. Acland resumed. "There had been a party on the previous evening at the house of General Lemington (Captain Lindfield's Regiment,) and amongst the guests were Captain Lindfield and myself. I dare say he may not remember me; for I was only a civilian, and of no account. There was, as usual, plenty of billiard-playing; at which he distinguished himself—after his usual fashion. (Correct me when I am wrong, Captain Lindfield.) It would seem that a fatality pursues him whenever he is in the neighborhood of a table; for he had not been playing long before he got into trouble, and on this occasion it was in reference to a bet. I will give Captain Lindfield credit for being in the right in the dispute. His opponent, however, who was in another regiment, would not have it so; and the next morning, as Captain Lindfield was walking before the Government House, his opponent came up and gave him a horsewhipping!"

I looked at Diana. She seemed on the point of speaking, but the revelation bound her to silence. "Great as were the accumulated insults—groundless suspicion in the first instance, followed by this gross public humiliation—Captain Lindfield was so complete a coward that he was afraid to demand the satisfaction due to him, or even at the time the blows were being dealt to resent it. His conduct was fully canvassed among his brother officers, not one of whom would have borne such insults. And after this exhibition of the white feather, he was not, you may believe, a popular man in his regiment. Have I gone beyond the boundary of facts, Captain Lindfield? It is for you to correct me. I see that I have not; and I certainly have not embellished the story."

A dead silence followed this disclosure. Oscar's head sunk on his breast. It is impossible for me to describe the dreadful look which had come upon Diana's face. Every word had sunk into this brave, loving girl's heart, as this miserable story was being related. All hope that Oscar would answer the charge seemed gone from her.

"Perhaps Oscar can explain it all to you," I whispered; but I despaired of his doing so.

"Never!" she replied in the same tone, moving slightly away from him. It was painfully easy for one to see the great and unfavorable impression in regard to Oscar which this story had made on the bystanders. Diana observed this, and poignancy was added to her own deep sorrow. Oscar still maintained his strange silence, scarcely raising his head. Poor fellow, poor fellow! But he realized fully the extent of his humiliation as it appeared to her, I had not the faintest doubt in the world.

"How can I marry such a man, Angèle?" We were in Diana's bedroom, whither we had come after quitting the billiard-room. "How can I marry such a man?"

"My dear—" My lips faltered, and I took her in my arms.

"Even you, Angèle, cannot extenuate his conduct. He said not a word, not a word, as the horrible charge was brought against him—and by that man! A coward! And such a coward!" Such relief as even tears would have afforded were beyond her reach.

"To love such a man as that is humiliation!" she said. "And I am proud, Angèle! Did you see how those men looked at him? If he had been guilty of any crime I could have forgiven him, freely, heartily forgiven him. I think I could have even pardoned him if he had been false to me. But now—Oh, it must be all over between us!"

I thought of Oscar and Miss Campbell. What could I say?

CHAPTER IV.—OSCAR INFELIX.

DIANA and Oscar had an interview in the morning, but what passed at it I do not know. When I knew that it was about to take place I conjectured how it would terminate; and it terminated in accordance with my fears. The engagement was broken off. I was with Diana shortly afterwards.

"Don't ask me what passed!" she cried. "I cannot tell you, Angèle. It is all over. I have returned his letters; for I used always to carry them about me." Here she fairly burst into tears, but quickly conquered them.

"I am bitterly grieved, for I hoped that he might be able to give an explanation which would satisfy you."

"He could give none, Angèle. Every word that man Acland said was true. He admitted it this morning; but I can tell you no more—only this, that I gave Oscar permission to say that it was he who broke the engagement. And now it is all over between us."

I supposed that Oscar would now leave the Hall; but I was mistaken. He lingered there, I believe, with the hope of seeing Mr. Forbes, and getting him to intercede with Diana. I saw little of him. When he was not walking over the fields with his gun, he kept his room, being shy of associating with persons to whom his disagreeable history had been made known. It was a somewhat fortunate circumstance for him that Acland, who had revealed his story, was no favorite; and many who were hard upon Oscar were equally hard upon Acland, who had been carefully and cleverly endeavoring to fix a quarrel upon him some time before the explosion came—facts which were patent to all, and which helped in some degree, perhaps, to lessen the feeling of contempt which had gathered about him.

I still kept my counsel as to what had passed between Mr. Acland and Miss Campbell; and determined to do so until Mr. Forbes returned. Whether the separation between Oscar and Diana would be followed by any such further issues as Janet Campbell had bargained for in her compact with the Indian merchant, was necessarily a matter which exercised my curiosity considerably; and shortly I was enabled to form some slight guesses on the subject.

One day I caught sight of Oscar and Miss Campbell together. They were in the garden, and I was standing at the drawing-room window. When they separated Miss Campbell came straight to me.

"Your friend Miss Eliot, does not seem to have treated Captain Lindfield well, Angèle."

"No? She did not tell me what passed at their interview."

"Indeed! Then she is less confidential with you than I thought. I am sure that you have been silent to her on what I communicated to you some nights ago relative to Captain Lindfield and myself."

"Quite silent." Alas, that I should have been so indiscreet as to have made all known to the man whose treachery and baseness I then little suspected! "You think that Captain Lindfield has been unfairly treated?" I said.

"Most unfairly, most unjustly! Whatever truth there may have been in what Mr. Acland said—and I don't doubt that he spoke the truth—Miss Eliot, if she had really loved him, would have acted differently."

"Then you have forgiven Captain Lindfield his wrongs of years ago to you?"

"Yes," she replied; and a blush mounted to her face and a gleam of hope came into her eyes.

I was walking the next morning in the garden near the lake, when Oscar, looking very miserable, suddenly appeared in my pathway.

"May I speak with you, Mademoiselle Desormes?" he said, hurriedly.

"Certainly," I replied, stopping.

"I have just seen Diana. She is sitting in the next summer-house. I want you to intercede for me. You are her friend. Will you be mine?"

"I will be your friend if I can," was my answer as we retired into the summer-house. "Now, Captain Lindfield," I said, "if I can be your friend, tell me in what way."

"You know how I loved Diana Eliot, and that we are now parted through that scoundrel Acland having made known that story. I didn't dispute it; I couldn't dispute it. But Diana was very hard upon me—cruelly hard."

"I can scarcely believe that."

"It is not for me to defend myself, Heaven knows."

I never made the attempt. I only told Diana how much I loved her, and how hard it would be for me to part from her. I've told her the same thing again—only a few minutes ago. She believed it, but she would have no pity on me."

"You love her very dearly, Captain Lindfield?" "I do indeed! As she has given me up, I scarcely care what becomes of me. I'm not brave, and I'm not great; and she deserves a husband who is both; but I love her. I wish I was eloquent and clever. I am neither. Perhaps if I were I should succeed better. If she persists in throwing me over, God help me!"

"You speak in a very despairing tone, and I wish that you did not. And I fear, perhaps, you have done damage to your cause in assuming such a tone before Diana."

"Perhaps." And Captain Lindfield rested his head wearily upon his hands.

(To be continued.)

NELLIE GRANT'S WEDDING.

EIGHTEEN months ago a young Englishman coming to this country on an ocean steamer met a young lady returning from a pleasure tour in Europe. He fell in love with her as she looked into the sea; and last Wednesday her father, the President of the United States, gave her to the young man, in presence of the representatives of England and America. Her husband, Mr. Algernon C. F. Sartoris, is not an aristocrat in the ordinary English sense. He owns a large tract of land in Michigan, and his annual income is \$60,000. He is twenty-three years old, good-looking, about five feet eight inches in height, stoutly built, has brown hair—which he parts in the middle—gray eyes, brown mustache, and short side-whiskers. He was educated in England and Germany. His family were originally Huguenots, living in Sardinia, but were forced to leave on account of their religion. He is the only surviving son of Mr. Edward Sartoris, of Hampshire, England, and his wife, Adelaide Kemble, daughter of Charles and sister of Fanny Kemble. Mr. Sartoris, Sr., was recently, but is not now, a Member of Parliament. He has a fine country-seat near Southampton. Besides his son Algernon, he has a married daughter, and no other children. He lost his eldest son a few months ago. He is wealthy and very talented, has a good voice, and is a good amateur artist. Mrs. Sartoris's voice is celebrated throughout Europe.

The bride, Ellen Wrenshall Grant, will be nineteen on the 4th of July. She is a pretty girl, with brown hair, brown eyes, a soft skin tinged with healthy color, and a round, full figure. She is scarcely as tall as the majority of women, but has an expression of happiness in her face, and a frank, unaffected manner that is winning. She is not much of a talker, but a good dancer. Without her modesty and amiable disposition, she would have been spoiled long ago.

The wedding morning came with a warm sun and a clear sky. Three hundred invitations had been issued, but only one hundred and twenty-five persons were present. Among them were the officials of the Government and their families; several of the prominent officers of the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps, and their families; a few members of the Diplomatic Corps; the parents of the bridesmaids; A. T. Stewart; and a few friends from New York and Philadelphia. Unusual precautions were taken to prevent those not invited from entering the Executive Mansion, and especially newspaper correspondents. Our special artist was present. To prevent intrusion, an extra squad of police were stationed around the house. At ten o'clock, carriages containing the bridesmaids arrived, and before eleven o'clock all of the guests were present. A company of musicians from the Marine Band stationed in the outer vestibule discoursed their sweetest music. The ceremony was held by gas-light in the East Room, which was magnificently decorated with white and gold. Rare and costly flowers filled the air with perfume. With the exception of public halls, the East Room is the largest in this country. It measures one hundred feet in depth by forty feet in width, and has a ceiling twenty-three feet high. The east window, which is double the size of those at either end of the room, was converted into a bower of exquisite flowers. The dais was just in front of this window, and a marriage-bell, three feet in diameter, of white flowers, was suspended above it. The dais was covered with Turkey carpet. The guests present were in groups at both ends of the room, white ribbons being stretched across from each side the dais, leaving the space open from the wide double doors to the dais, which is opposite.

At eleven o'clock the bridal procession entered by the main door. At the foot of the dais stood Mr. Sartoris and his best man, Colonel Grant. The groom wore the English regulation wedding-dress, and carried a bouquet of orange-blossoms and tuberoses, with a centre of pink buds. From this centre arose a silver flagstaff, on which floated a silken banner, and on it in silver letters was the word "Love." Fred Grant was in full uniform. Dr. Tiffany was on the dais. First came the bridesmaids, then Mrs. Grant, in lilac silk, with black lace trimmings and diamond ornaments, supported by her two sons, Ulysses and Jesse. Following them was the President, and on his arm the lovely bride. She never appeared better, and there was a look of childish innocence in her face.

Miss Conkling and Miss Frelinghuysen were the first of the bridesmaids to arrive. They paused just after passing the centre of the room. Miss Porter and Miss Sherman advanced beyond them. Miss Drexel and Miss Dent passing the last two, and Miss Barnes and Miss Fish passing to the foot of the dais. Then came the bride, with her father. As she approached, Mr. Sartoris stepped forward, took the bride from her father, and the two stepped upon the dais, the bridesmaids forming a semi-circle. Dr. Tiffany performed the service according to the form of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The bridal dress was of the richest white satin with a train three yards long. Around the bottom was a flounce of satin about three inches deep, with plisses of tulle on the edge. This flounce was laid on in box-plaits, with loops and ends of the satin between each plait. Above and reaching to the waist were two exquisite point-lace flounces, flat across the front breadth, and forming side trimmings up the back. The waist was high, and trimmed with lace and flowers to match the skirt. The sleeves reached below the elbow, and were finished with lace. The veil was of tulle, and fastened with orange blossoms, ornaments, pearls and diamonds. The bride carried a bouquet of choice white flowers and a pearl fan with lace cover.

The marriage breakfast which followed is said to have surpassed any ever spread in the White House. After the feast, hasty preparations were made for the journey to New York. The bride changed her attire and was ready for the cars in fifteen minutes.

As the bridal carriage left the mansion several little white slippers were thrown after it for good luck, and the bells of the Metropolitan Methodist Church began chiming the English wedding-march, succeeded by "Hail Columbia." "God Save the Queen," and "The Star Spangled Banner." The

coach containing the newly wedded pair was followed by another containing the President and family, and a large wagon filled with trunks.

At twenty minutes past two a special Pullman car—one of the two built for the Paris Exposition—bore the young couple swiftly towards Baltimore, where it was attached to the regular Washington express train. They arrived in New York about ten o'clock, and drove to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The rooms awaiting them were those occupied by the Duke of Newcastle during the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country.

We give portraits of the bride and bridegroom; of the scenes at the wedding, a portrait of Nellie Grant when she was thirteen years old, and a sketch of the departure on the steamer in New York Bay.

The presents, valued at \$60,000, were exceedingly fine. The President's gifts were costly lace, purchased in Brussels by a friend of the family. Among the most costly were a dessert set of eighty-four silver pieces, given by George W. Childs; a complete silver dinner-service, by A. J. Drexel, of Philadelphia, the combined value of them being probably \$4,500; Secretary Fish, a large silver tankard; General and Mrs. Sharpe, of New York, a ring with stone cameo set with diamonds; Postmaster-General Creswell, a very handsome silver ice-cream service; ex-Senator Cattell, a diamond ring, five stones; L. P. Morton, of New York, an emerald and diamond ring—these two rings are probably worth \$1,000 each; Secretary Robeson, a toilet set and side pieces, elaborately finished, of the style of Louis XIV.; A. T. Stewart, of New York, the largest size lace pocket-handkerchief, such as sell for \$500; General Babcock, an elegant Valenciennes lace fan with smoked pearl frame and the monogram of the bride in gold; Mr. Sartoris presented to his wife a large collection of flowers.

A description of all the beautiful gifts would fill a column of this paper. Mr. George A. Bernard, of the firm of Bailey & Co., jewelers, of Philadelphia, went from that city to superintend the unpacking and arranging the presents.

We are indebted to Messrs. Broadbent & Phillips, photographers, of Philadelphia, for pictures of them. Our illustration of the wedding is from a sketch made by our special artist, who was present during the ceremony.

On the day after the marriage, General Grant and his wife came to New York, and stopped at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but they received few visitors. Mr. Sartoris did not make his appearance, much to the disappointment of loungers in the parlors and reading-room. In the evening the party dined at A. T. Stewart's palace in Fifth Avenue, and later the President and son visited Barnum's Hippodrome. On Saturday the distinguished couple took passage in the steamship *Baltic*, of the White Star Line, for Europe, and General Grant and family accompanied them as far as Sandy Hook, returning in the revenue cutter *Grant*.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SAN LORENZO BATTERY, BILBAO.—Everything is quiet in Spain now, comparatively speaking, and the Carlists and Republicans seem to rest on their oars. There have been no severe engagements, and very few persons of rank or any distinction have been killed. We give a sketch of the Battery of San Lorenzo, near Bilbao, as it was before the siege was raised by Marshal Serrano and his troops.

SOIREE AT THE PARIS OBSERVATORY.—M. Le Verrier, President of the French Scientific Committee of Paris, has imitated the practice of the Britannia Association, and has instituted a series of *soirees scientifiques*, at which scientific matters will be discussed along with eatables and drinkables, and in the presence of the fair sex. Scientific apparatus are also shown to the guests in the halls and parlors, and scientific theories and problems are demonstrated.

CROSSING A RIVER IN INDIA.—Notwithstanding the great improvements of late years in the construction of railways, roads and bridges in India, travelers in some districts are often obliged to cross rivers in very primitive fashion, with much delay and alarm, not unfrequently accompanied by danger and loss. The ferry consists of a buoyant but frail coracle or native boat, of wicker-work covered with hides. The passenger feels it somewhat shaky in these fragile vessels when he sees a crocodile coming towards him with a very open and hospitable countenance. Our picture shows one of these ferries.

THE "AMERIQUE" TOWED INTO PLYMOUTH.—The *Amerique*, of the Transatlantic Line, after being abandoned at sea, was discovered by a British steamer, which had been put out from Devonport to cruise for her, and was towed to that port. There she was taken in charge by the Admiralty steam-tugs *Carron* and *Scotia*, and brought into the harbor of Plymouth, England. Our picture shows the vessels steaming up the harbor to the quay. The *Amerique* was adjudged derelict by the Courts, and libeled in \$600,000. Her owners, after giving bonds, recovered possession of the vessel.

AGRICULTURAL LOCK-OUT, ENGLAND.—We give an illustration of an interview between a Suffolk farmer and his men. The men, sixteen in number, were very quiet and well behaved, and left the matter to be discussed by their spokesman, only occasionally joining in the conversation. There was no defiance or bitterness or jeering on their side, but a manly self-respect which made itself felt. Their replies showed no little shrewdness and appreciation of the points now at issue. The talk ended, as it began, with mutual good feeling. The strike is at an end, but the laborers can scarcely be said to have attained their object. However, they have had some concessions granted them, and will now go to work.

MILLS ON THE PRAIRIES.

The importance of home manufacture in the West is thus discussed by the *Toledo* (O.) *Blade* in terms applicable to all parts of the country: "The people of the West would to-day be better off with a much less number of acres cultivated and a larger amount of manufacturing in their midst. This every one must admit. If one man has not the means to start a business of this character, let a combination of men furnish the capital. By all means let the people of the West adopt a course which will not leave them so dependent upon the East for the sale of their surplus products and the supply of their wants in everything except meats and breadstuffs. Every village and every community should give encouragement and support to home manufacture. Enlightened selfishness, as well as the general good, dictates such a policy. The West should be dotted all over with manufacturing establishments, and the people should cease impoverishing themselves by paying freight upon raw material sent to the East and manufactured articles sent to the West. It is too expensive, and the expense is all borne by those living at the West end of the route. Let the West stand by its own interests—encourage home manufacture—and its independence will be established and its progress made stronger and more enduring."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

THE recent New York Woman Suffrage Association was addressed by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham. The Erie Railway Company agreed to lease the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad on the basis of a percentage of earnings. The President's proclamation declaring Elisha Baxter Governor of Arkansas caused great excitement in Little Rock. The Brooks party are very indignant. Serious disturbances occurred in Cincinnati during a visit of a praying band of women, and forty-three were arrested. The Oakes Ames estate has in consequence of its depreciation been declared insolvent. The brutal flogging scenes have again been renewed in Delaware. The transatlantic steamship *Pereire* left New York last week with a large party of pilgrims for Rome. Square-toed shoes are coming into fashion. Pears, cherries and plums are in bloom on Puget Sound. The Granges have flourishing co-operative stores in California. Virginia City, Nev., is to enforce the compulsory school law. The wool exports of Los Angeles for the current season is estimated at 3,000,000 pounds. Millions of caterpillars, according to the Salt Lake *News*, are hatching on the trees in Utah, and threaten to destroy the fruit crop. Georgia capitalists are investing freely in cotton mills, and will continue to do so while proper protection is extended to American industries. The profits of Fall River cotton mills indicate that the past year has not been one of universal depression. Stockholders have realized in twelve months more than the original capital invested, and banks doing business for the manufacturers are paying twenty-five and fifty per cent. dividends. Similar prosperity is reported in Providence, Pawtucket and other manufacturing centres. The Long Island and the South Side Railroad Companies refuse to allow the United States mails to be carried over their roads between Jamaica and Rockaway, and between Jamaica and Woodhaven, for the reason that they do not hold the contracts for their conveyance. The International Transportation Association Bill has passed the Canadian Senate, and now becomes a law. The new brick depot of the Union Pacific Railroad in Omaha is completed and occupied. Many people are dying at Petersburg, Mich., of spotted fever. The Crusaders of Fort Wayne, Ind., are to start an evening journal. The Massachusetts Senate have laid the questions of woman suffrage and license law over till next session. The New Orleans *Picayune* says there has been more crime in that city during the past six weeks than ever before in its history. The residences of merchants and tax payers are entered and despoiled; houses filled with sleeping people are set on fire by burglars whose cupidity has been disappointed; and ladies and gentlemen are robbed on the streets with the coolest bravado and daring.

FOREIGN.

THE new Spanish Ministry will probably soon exhibit Alfonsoist tendencies. General Ello has been succeeded by General Dorregaray as chief of Don Carlos's staff. The Government at Madrid has issued a manifesto soliciting the support of all sections of the Liberal Party. The Czar has reached Buckingham Palace. Immense crowds lined the route of the procession from Paddington Station. A conspiracy was lately discovered at Khokand, and sixteen persons implicated in it were executed. The Duke de Broglie introduced into the French Assembly his scheme for an Upper House, and it was referred to the Committee of Thirty. Efforts to arrange a compromise between the Government and the Extreme Right have been ineffectual. Great Britain, on assuming the sovereignty of the Fiji Islands, is to accept all financial responsibilities, pay the king \$15,000 a year, with other pensions to native chiefs, and recognize the ruling chief as owner of the lands, which are to be opened to settlement by foreigners within a year. The Canadian House of Commons adopted a motion for an address to Queen Victoria in regard to the right of republishing in Canada British copyright works. All exiled Poles, with the exception of two or three known assassins, are permitted to return home. One hundred houses were destroyed by fire in a suburb of Constantinople. The Czar reviewed 14,000 troops at Aldershot. The Mexican Congress has appropriated \$70,000 for the representation of Mexico at the Philadelphia Exhibition. The Guatemalan authorities have paid H. B. M.'s Vice-Consul Magee \$10,000 indemnity for the outrage upon his person. The Emperor of Germany has ordered the temporary retirement of Count Von Arnim from the German diplomatic service. It is reported that the Queen of England will visit Russia in the Autumn. The steamer *Manchu*, from Nagasaki for Shanghai, was lost in a heavy gale on March 17th. Only five persons are known to be saved out of a crew of fifty. The Duke of Chartres is reported to have challenged M. Paul de Cassagnac. The Chief of the Russian Imperial Police announces that the exiled Poles, with two or three exceptions, will be allowed to return to their native country. The Count de Montebello was wounded in a duel with Prince Metternich.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

DAN BRYANT has revived "Shoo Fly." TORRIANI and DI MURSKA are still in New York. The richest theatrical manager in Paris is Offenbach. CAMILLA URSO has recovered from her burns, and is playing again. The Strakosch Italian Opera Troupe, with Lucca, is doing well in the West. "OLIVER TWIST," with Fanny Davenport as Nancy Sykes is playing at the Fifth Avenue.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, Buffalo Bill, Texas Jack, and the Moriachis, have been performing in Chicago recently.

"CAMILLE" with Miss Clara Morris as the leading actress, is drawing crowded houses at the Union Square Theatre.

MILK VICTORIA, the queen of the lofty wire, is performing at Barnum's Hippodrome. She was serenaded on her arrival from Europe.

NIBLO'S THEATRE opened this week with Mr. C. R. Thorne, Sr., as manager. "The Lady of the Lake" was brought out "in magnificent style."

GRAT has engaged Ristori to play next Spring at the Lyceum. It was young Grat's uncle who first introduced Ristori in America, at the same theatre.

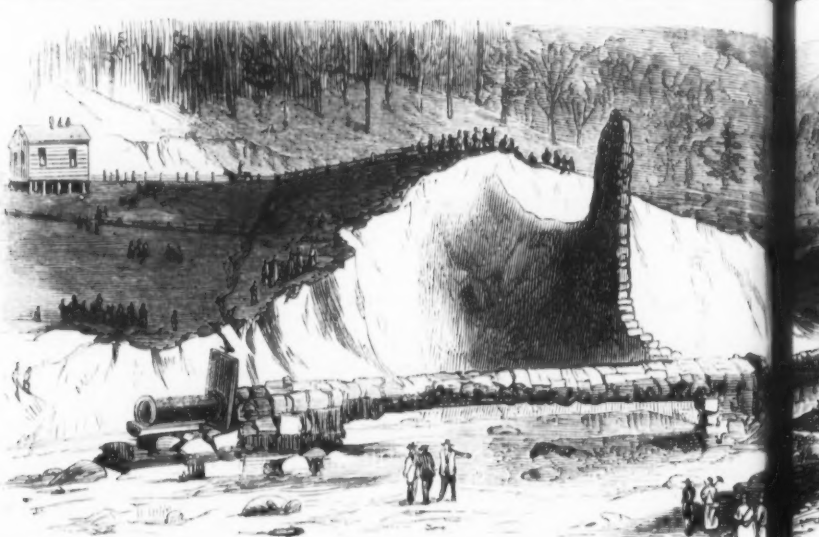
A FRENCH comedy season of sixteen performances began last week with "Frou Frou," in which Mlle. Beauregard, of Paris, appeared, supported by a French company from New Orleans.

The great prestidigitateur, Hermann, the worthy successor of his skillful brother who delighted American audiences with his marvelous performances a few years ago, has been performing the most wonderful feats in legerdemain at the Academy of Music for the past few weeks. All admirers of the conjurer's art should pay him a visit.

GRACE GREENWOOD, and SARY FISHER AMES, the sculptress, gave an interesting entertainment in New York last week, consisting of readings in costume, from Shakespeare, Will Carleton, Jean Ingelow, Grace Greenwood and Edgar A. Poe. Mrs. Lippincott's burlesque description of life in Washington, and the prominent political characters there, was received with continued laughter by the large audience.



STREET SCENE IN WILLIAMSBURG—SEARCHING FOR LOST PROPERTY.



THE RUINED



SCENE AT THE CITY HALL, WILLIAMSBURG—THE IMPROVISED MORGUE.



THE VALLEY OF DEATH—SCENE LOOKING FROM THE SUBURBS



WILLIAMSBURG.—LADIES RECEIVING CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE SUFFERERS.



MR. TILTON'S CLOCK, WHICH STOPPED AT THE MOMENT THE FLOOD STRUCK HIS HOUSE.

THE MASSACHUSETTS FLOOD—SCENES AFTER THE

MR. GEORGE CHEN



RUINED HAMBURG.



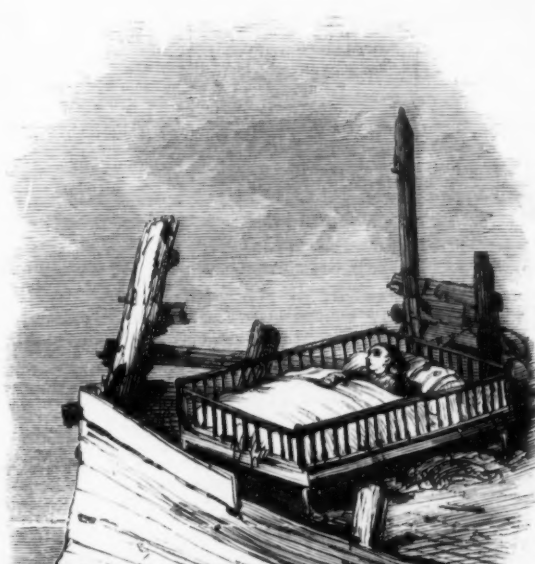
SKINNERVILLE—EFFECTS OF THE FLOOD.



THE SUBURB TOWARDS SKINNERVILLE—THE FLOOD SUBSIDING.



AN INCIDENT—A FAITHFUL DOG FINDS HIS MASTER.



MR. GEORGE CHESTER DAM.



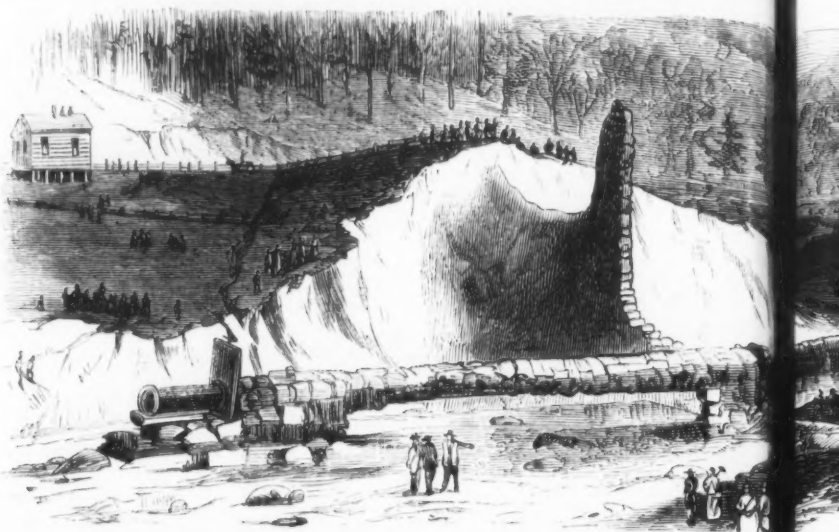
MR. BARTLETT'S HOUSE AT SKINNERVILLE.



MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A CHILD FROM DEATH AT WILLIAMSBURG.



STREET SCENE IN WILLIAMSBURG—SEARCHING FOR LOST PROPERTY.



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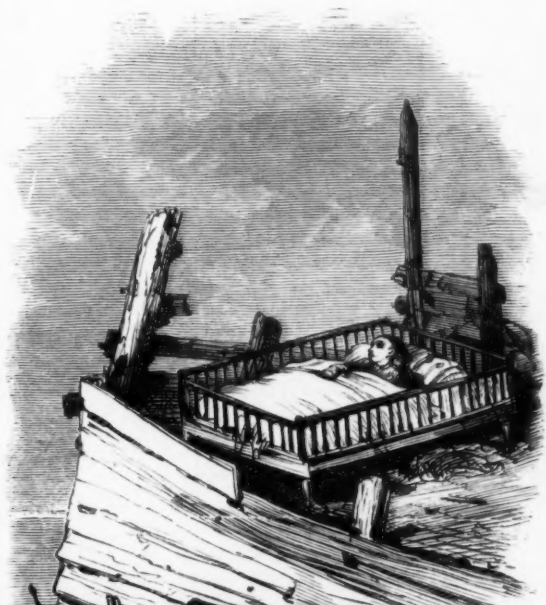
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MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A CHILD FROM DEATH AT WILLIAMSBURG.

NOT FOR LOVE.

BY
GUY ROSLYN.

EDITH was fair indeed, and I was free;
But that which had been was not so to be—
My heart awoke, and Edith smiled on me;
But not for love.

In Winter deep I dreamed of Summer shine,
And all my hopes were false as they were fine
And I was happy then as I might be.
Warm Spring had painted every field and tree;
And Edith sang sweet ditties unto me;
But not for love.

And I looked upon her budding youth
As on a book of innocence and truth.
And knowing not of poison in the wine,
I said, "And may I link my life with thine?"
She whispered, "Yes," and placed her hand in mine;
But not for love.

And I lay in a sweet swoon of delight,
And thought it daytime in the depth of night.
'Twas coming soon, too soon, when I should keep
My days in darkness and my eyes from sleep;
When Edith, without sorrowing, should weep,
And not for love.

Oh, that a maid should sigh upon her glove,
And mimic fondness where there is no love!

THE CURSE OF CAERGWYN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS,"
"IVY'S PROBATION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

"MY love!" exclaimed Lady Strathgyle, wrinkling up her brow, and looking across at Lilius through her eyeglass as if she had been some entomological curiosity which required minute inspection. "I hope you feel better—no, don't move; Estelle shall bring you a cup of tea first."

"I am perfectly well, thanks," replied Lilius, wide-awake now, and walking across to the fireplace; "I would rather not take any tea. Please don't ring. I am so glad to see you alone; I want to speak to you. I want to tell you that it is all over between Strathgyle and me. I told him so this morning."

She hurried out the words, thankful to have said them at last, and stood looking down upon the dowager, resting her arm on the lace-bordered mantelpiece, and feeling all the advantage of her dominant position.

Lady Strathgyle inspected her, still with wrinkled-up brow, but without the eyeglass.

"Sit down, my dear," said she; "you are not fit to stand. I am sure you must be very ill."

"Indeed, I am quite well," protested Lilius, holding her own; "and I do so want you to understand this, Lady Strathgyle. I cannot endure to stay in your house under a false pretence. Strathgyle and I are never to be more to each other than cousins—dear cousins, as we were when we were children, if he will let us be so."

"I have been talking to Strathgyle," said the dowager, suddenly changing her tactics; "he has been driving with me. He is perfectly broken-hearted, Lilius."

"I am sorry," faltered Lilius.

"But do you understand what it means?" questioned Lady Strathgyle. "Do you know what the effect of such a disappointment is on a man? How will you forgive yourself if you have ruined Strathgyle's life. He loves you devotedly, Lilius; he will never marry any one else. All my hopes, and the hopes of our family, will be destroyed; for Strathgyle is the sort of man to fling himself away recklessly under such a disappointment as this. He will go off to Africa, shoot gorillas, and be lost amongst the horrible native tribes, or die of fever in these dreadful deserts, and never be heard of again; and you will never forgive yourself that you sacrificed him to a girlish caprice—for it can be nothing else."

"It is not caprice," denied Lilius, trembling a little, in spite of herself, at the responsibility the dowager had heaped upon her.

"Then what is it?" questioned the dowager. "A year ago, before your mother carried you off to that Welsh place, you were perfectly contented; indeed I should have said that you were as much in love with Strathgyle as he was with you."

"I was always fond of Strathgyle," answered Lilius, coloring a little, "and I am fond of him still; but not in that way."

"How do you know the difference?" asked the dowager, sharply. "How do you know that it is not 'in that way,' as you call it?"

The color deepened to crimson on Lilius's cheeks, and burned like a flame beneath Lady Strathgyle's inquisitorial gaze; and she could neither retire nor hide her face, as she longed so fervently to do, whilst that terrible flush consumed her courage.

Lady Strathgyle composedly unfurled the fan which hung at her white wrist, and held it between herself and the fire.

"Sit down, my dear," said she—"here, near me, and let us try to understand each other. I believe that it is all a mistake," caressing the girl's hands tenderly, as Lilius, subdued at last, sank into the low seat by her side. "Young things like you do not always understand themselves or their feelings. I believe"—archly—"that you do love Strathgyle 'in that way,' and that you have made him wretched for nothing. Poor fellow, he was sadly forlorn this afternoon."

Lilius could only shake her head, with an attempt at denial to which the dowager paid no heed.

"Strathgyle's heart has been set on this all his life," she went on. "Strathgyle's nature is wonderfully strong and persistent; he is a man who knows how to love, Lilius, and he knows how to hate, too, when he is once roused. You know his motto 'Let sleeping dogs lie.' The girl who has won Strathgyle's love should count herself a happy woman, and should not lightly let it go. Think of it well, my love."

"I have thought of it," gasped Lilius, with dry lips. "Strathgyle will tell you that it is no new thing. I have felt for a long time that I could not conscientiously fulfill that engagement; and I told Strathgyle so, when he came down to Caergwyn."

"And he could not believe it. No wonder! Lilius, do you know all the history of this engagement? Has not your mother told you? Do you not know that it was planned in order to give you, who inherit only the beggarly portion of a younger son, fortune and position with the best of us—to secure you from poverty and discomfort, and to make your future sure? Do you not see that it was designed in generosity towards you, and that you are fatally injuring yourself and displeasing your family by rejecting a marriage upon which the hearts of all who care for you are set? Do you know that your rejection, if you persist in it, will estrange every member of your family, and separate you and your mother from us all? Do you understand all

that you will lose—when, too, you might gain so much?"

"I am not afraid of poverty," began Lilius.

"Foolish child! Because you don't know what it is. Poverty is a very romantic thing in books—in real life it is excessively commonplace and disagreeable, I can assure you. It means isolation, and insignificance, and dependence, and the back seat in everybody's carriage, and a long list of humiliations. And the other side of the picture means Strathgyle's devotion, a fortune, and position, which all the world will envy you, and the lead in society, for which, my dear, I may venture to tell you, you are so eminently fitted. Now can you hesitate between the two?"

"Oh, Lady Strathgyle, if you would only understand me! I cannot marry Strathgyle," repeated Lilius, steadily holding to her text.

"Fiddlesticks!" retorted the dowager, losing her temper. "How exasperating you young girls are! You get your ideas of love and marriage from novels and theatres, and you expect transports and agonies, instead of a rational, reasonable regard, such as you have for Strathgyle, such as I had for my husband, and such as every well-bred man and woman thinks sufficient for the purpose. Your wild love absurdities are neither possible nor respectable; they are only meant for the stage, or for those wretched French creatures who poison themselves or suffocate themselves with charcoal—a suitable climax to the whole ill-regulated business. For mercy's sake, Lilius, come down from your stilts and be rational! Let me send a note to Strathgyle, and tell him to forget all you have said to me, and to come and dine with us this evening *en famille*. It will make him very happy."

"But I cannot make him happy."

"Yes, you can, and insure your own happiness at the same time."

"Lady Strathgyle, believe me, my own happiness is not at all concerned. Nothing would induce me to bind myself a second time to—this."

The dowager did believe her now; there was, as Lord Strathgyle had said, a finality about Lilius's renunciation which compelled even the most reluctant belief. Lady Strathgyle recognized that all was over, and the conviction made her excessively angry. She ceased to keep any terms with a girl who had proved herself so utterly insensible to all considerations of family, of ambition, and of common sense. She overwhelmed Lilius with reproach which was almost invective, and which Lilius bore unflinchingly.

"Everything comes to an end at some time," thought she, as the storm beat pitilessly upon her; "and after all, this is a light price to pay for my deliverance."

But the dowager, driven beyond herself by her anger, reached the end of the young girl's endurance at last.

"The truth is," she announced, "that you have taken up some foolish, unworthy fancy, which makes you insensible to your real interests. By-and-by, when it is too late, and Strathgyle is gone beyond recall—for such men as he are not to be thrown down and taken up again like an old glove—you will bitterly repent your folly and blindness. Now, don't excite yourself," as Lilius rose up with an indignant protest—"there is nothing in the world so underbred as excitement"—the dowager was two or three shades redder than her "complexion," and was fanning herself violently as she spoke. "Here comes Estelle with the tea. Take it to my own room; this fire is insufferably hot. I leave you to your reflections, my dear."

The last word was barked out with an emphasis which certainly did not convey the impression of affection, and then the dowager turned so suddenly that she swept the Dresden cup and saucer from Estelle's hand with a crash, and this accident turning the flood of her wrath, she poured out the remainder upon the devoted head of the maid, prostrate and at her mercy, as she picked up the rich, wine-colored fragments.

Lilius was glad to shut out the angry, imperious voice, and to come back with a blessed sense of relief to Lady Strathgyle's abdicating armchair. The worst was over; her mother would be here to-morrow, and then they would return to the tranquil little Welsh home, and all this trouble and turmoil would be left behind for ever.

How she longed for that haven of peace and rest! How lovingly she dwelt upon the thought of it! It was like turning from the arid, burning desert into green fields and cool pastures, to leave behind all this fever-fit and storm for the calm sweetness of Caergwyn.

In her impatience Lilius could scarcely wait for the morrow; she was young, and the instinct of youth is to thrust away and push out of sight all that troubles it and disturbs that ideal of happiness to which it clings, whilst there is the faintest lingering shadow of its rainbow radiance left.

Very painfully she endured the long, silent ceremonial of dinner, at which the dowager sat cold and stately, and found fault with the dishes, and harassed the footmen, and made the lives of her people a burden to them for the nonce. Lilius could not help feeling like a culprit in the presence of the awful lady, and accusing herself for the sufferings of the ill-treated men. She was thankful when Lady Strathgyle rose, magnificent in violet velvet and pearls, and looked at the simple muslin robe of her companion as if she saw it now for the first time.

"You are not going to the Opera, then?"

"No, thanks," returned Lilius; "I have a headache—if you will excuse me."

"Certainly. Good-night."

The dowager tendered her the tips of her jeweled fingers, made her a courtesy more withering than words, and swept from the room, leaving behind an atmosphere of ice, from which Lilius retreated, shivering, to her own apartment, and sat there, thankful for its solitude, with her heart going out towards the mother who was already on the way to her—so far on the way, indeed, that, just as the weary evening drew to an end, there was a little rustle and flutter in the doorway, and Lilius, turning, beheld her mother, and threw herself joyfully into her arms.

"How good of you, mamma!" she cried, adding, while she held her at arm's length, "You are not angry with me?"

"Not angry, dear, but sorry and puzzled."

"Never mind," said Lilius, coloring—"it is all settled, and we need not talk about it. To-morrow we may go home, may we not?"

"Yes, to-morrow—the sooner the better: I met Lady Strathgyle as I came into the house," answered Mrs. D'Este.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Gwen, Gwen, come here! I have found a whole bed of violets. Ah, how sweet they are! The very smell of the moss, damp and green and delicious—the dear wood-scent—makes me happy. Be quiet, Roy! It is not a poacher; it is only Gwen. Why do you bark, foolish little dog? And you are trampling down my violets—my lovely sweet little violets. Look, Gwen—my hands are full already."

But it was not Gwen who came crashing through the young budding trees behind her, as she knelt on the mossy ground. She turned at the noise, so

unusual with busy, bright little Gwen, and saw—Vyvyan. She rose to her feet, letting her flowers flutter to the ground as she held out her hand.

"I am so glad," she began, with cordial eagerness—"so glad that you have spoken, and spoken so nobly. I have wanted to tell you so—to let you know how glad and proud and triumphant I have felt!"

Her sparkling eyes met his; she had forgotten everything that lay between this and the time when they had been used to talk out the high aspirations of their hearts to each other.

"So you have come back," said he, drawing a deep breath, and holding her hands still as if he feared she might be only a fair mist-shadow which would fade away out of his sight again if he let her go for an instant.

"Yes, I have come back. It has been such a long time. I—we are so pleased to be at home again," she answered, her eyes drooping before his, and her color rising and fading with a sudden consciousness.

He had never seen her like this before, with that tremulous agitation, like the silver haze about a Summer moon, softening and subduing her with such sweet womanly charm. He did not know how his eyes were telling their story, of long repressed yearning love, to hers; he only knew that their gaze sank before his, and that the rich blood pulsed in her downcast cheeks; and there flashed into his heart a wild hope of supreme joy, deeper and more intense from its long discipline of repression. It broke over him like a strain of sweet music, the reflection that she might love in return for all his love.

There were no words spoken between them as they wandered back in a sort of strange, sweet dream, side by side, by the blossoming hedge-banks and through the budding woods, under the bright Spring sky, quite forgetting Gwen, searching for lilies-of-the-valley in the deepest recess of the wood.

Little Roy, who was not in love, was more mindful. He trotted backwards and forwards with his short, restless bark, and appealed with eager, starting eyes to Lilius on behalf of her deserted friend. Finally, perceiving the hopeless nature of the case, he set off back at a sharp run, to compensate to Gwen by his own attention and guidance for the slight which had been put upon her, leaping and springing about her, and making much of her with demonstrative show of affection, and then scampering to the outskirts of the wood and back again, and saying, as plainly as any dog could speak:

"Look—they have gone without you. Come quickly and follow them before they are out of sight; I will show you the way."

Thus invoked, Gwen picked up her basket of wild-flowers and followed Roy's lead, laughing at the eager little animal and sometimes racing along with him, smiling pleasantly to herself, and not feeling in the least offended at having been abandoned and left behind. For just on the rise of the hill before her Gwen's long-sighted eyes had discerned two familiar figures, and Gwen had once learned to spell the alphabet of the language those two figures were speaking, and consequently she did not hurry her footsteps—only she addressed two or three sentences to Roy, which seemed to set his mind at rest in a wonderful way.

"Roy," said she, "we don't mean to overtake them, do we? They have forgotten all about us, and we are not going to remind them of our very unnecessary existence just now; so don't be scampering forward and barking in little snaps, and trying to attract attention, like a stupid intrusive little marplot of a dog, but sit down here by me, and look on whilst I sort my flowers and make my basket look as pretty as a London flower-girl's. That's a good dog! Now I'll whisper you a secret—a wonderful, beautiful secret, Roy—a secret which makes the sun shine and the flowers blossom, and all the world glorious and radiant, like a fairy tale, Roy. There—now they are all in order, my purple-and-white hyacinths, and pale, cream-colored primroses, and dainty little wind-flowers, and graceful lily-bells with their bright green leaf-sheaths, and crisp young fern-fronds, and those dear, delicious violets—such a bouquet, Roy! It makes me happy to look at it. Now we'll walk on again—gently, though. I wonder what they are saying. But we must be discreet, Roy; and we shouldn't understand, you know, if we could hear. Such things have a glorified language of their own, and it is quite unintelligible to us ordinary girls and dogs, you know."

But the "glorified language" was commonplace syntax enough, only that beneath it the magic current swelled and rushed, betraying itself here and there by the ripples on the surface.

Lilius was the first to struggle back, with a woman's tact and skill, from the eloquent but embarrassing silence of those first moments.

"How do you find Sir Owen?" asked she, speaking with a brave assumption of ease, although with her eyes on the ground, avoiding those other eyes which spoke Gwen's wonderful language. "We think him much better these last few days."

"I have to thank you, with all my heart," said he, in a low voice, "for all your goodness to my father; he is inexpressibly soothed and cheered by all your kind efforts for him, and he is looking so much better than on my last visit home. His study, too, is like a bower. The goddess of Spring, or some other good fairy, has certainly been wandering over the Gray House, and flowers, according to the fable, have sprung up under her feet."

Lilius laughed.

"I believe we have quite taken possession of poor Sir Owen—we womenkind from Little Caergwyn," said she. "It was very presumptuous of us."

"I wish—" he began, fervently; and then he stopped, and Lilius, with the quick instinct of an impending crisis, hastened her footsteps almost to a run, and stopped at last, breathless and ashamed. For Vyvyan's next words were harmless enough.

"I shall not leave my father again. It was at his own express wish that I left him so much this Winter, against my own feelings. He could not bear that my work should stand still, and this idea we decided would do him more harm than being alone. But it has been a lonely Winter for him, I fear, although Doctor Milsom has been most devoted to him. Still, it was not just or fair for his sons to leave their own duty to even so good a friend as Doctor Milsom. I do not mean David," he corrected, hastily. "He has no cause for self-reproach; he at least had no choice."

He was speaking out his inmost thoughts; he was giving her his deepest confidence, that subtlest flattery from a self-contained, reserved man to a woman. She glided instantly into her natural role of comfort.

"I think," she said, "that you both did what was best and right. Sir Owen has only given up the lesser pleasure for the greater. The real good to him has been to see his sons taking their place in the world, and doing their duty there."

She hesitated and blushed now at her own earnestness, and then she was vexed with herself for those blushing, which made her feel like an awkward schoolgirl.

But to Vyvyan those deepening shades and that shy, half-averted gaze formed the loveliest phase her beauty had ever taken.

"Thank you," said he, with emphasis, as if her little effort of soothing had been very comforting. But his fervor made her blush again, and find it necessary to check another inclination to set off at a brisk trot.

"They must all be very glad," said she, hurrying out something—anything—to save a pause—"Mrs. Phillips, and old Morgan, and everybody. The Hall will seem inhabited again. It has been so deserted and forlorn without—David."

"David!" He drifted straightway into stormy and troubled waters. The old conviction of her love for David rushed back like a giant of despair, and closed the gates of the Paradise he had hardly entered. It was not for him—it was for David that she had shown herself so sweet and tender, so irresistibly lovable.

Her eyes were turned away, and she did not see the stern shadows which at once eclipsed the brightness of the moment before.

"Poor Sir Owen!" said she, for the silence frightened her again. "We at all events ought not to have gone away just when we—mamma at least—might have done so much towards making the time less heavy for him."

"You are very good," returned Vyvyan, "but we could not have expected—we should indeed have been ashamed to profit by so great a sacrifice."

"Sacrifice!" she repeated, astonished. "The sacrifice was in going, not in staying here. Oh, if you knew how tiresome it has all been!"

"Tiresome!" he exclaimed. "And to you!"

"I was so weary of it all!" she confessed, with a sigh of relief. "It was like a treadmill—just a dull, endless round. Oh, I am so glad to have left it all behind!"

How differently he had thought of her and her life all those months! The rumor had floated down to him at Oxford of the admiration which followed the beautiful Miss D'Este wherever she went. He had had no right to be jealous, but, in spite of the stern discipline which he exercised over himself, a throb of the evil passion had disturbed him more than once as he pictured her in the radiant centre of a brilliant throng, flattered, courted, drifting away out of his reach. It pleased him to hear her say that all these things had possessed no fascination for her. His heart thrilled softly again; the bitter doubt of the minute before faded out of sight.

"If you knew—" she repeated; and then she stopped, remembering all that had been brought about in that time away from Caergwyn. "I am glad I went," she concluded, suddenly.

Whilst Vyvyan was distracting himself with a lover's ingenious power of self-torture over her utterly conflicting statements, Gwen and Roy came up—Gwen smiling and babbling of her flowers, and pretending all innocent unconsciousness—little impostor that she was!—and Roy blinking his eyes, and trying to look sage and responsible by virtue of his partnership in the little conspiracy.

It was wonderful how Lilius's courage revived at this reinforcement. She grew arch and sparkling, and let her eyes meet Vyvyan's once more, and the shy, tender sweetness, which the young man in the poetical imagery incidental to his condition likened to the dew upon the flower, vanished from her manner, so that later, when he tried to recall it and the fair dream which had sprung from it, he doubted whether it had not been a passing mood, or even the exaggeration of his own presumptions fancy.

Just then Mrs. D'Este drove up in her pony-carriage on her way from the Gray House.

"I am so glad to see you again, Mr. Caergwyn," said she, holding out her hand to him, as she checked her ponies. "I have just left Sir Owen; he told me of your arrival. We had a long talk on art and the picture-gallery, your brother's career, and a great many other things. I have promised to show him a rare engraving I have. Will you walk on to Little Caergwyn with us now, and take it back with you? Oh, Gwen, how sweet!" she added, as Gwen lifted her basket and disposed it at Mrs. D'Este's feet in the little carriage.

"My violets!" exclaimed Lilius, suddenly. "I have left them all behind!" And then, whether at Gwen's look, or because of something in her own thoughts, she colored up like fire, and withdrew in a demure silence to the other side of the road.

Vyvyan carried the engraving to his father, and then he committed one of those extravagances of which otherwise sober, reasonable men are sometimes guilty under similar circumstances; he went back on the road he had so lately traversed, some two miles or more, until he came to the mossy bank where he had surprised Lilius an hour or so before, and where the scattered violets still strewn the ground, just as they had fallen from her hands. Here he stooped, gathered up every perfumed blossom, and even—such are the strange vagaries of the love-possessed—kneeling and pressed his lips where the down-trodden moss showed the impress of a little daintily shod foot.

After this fatiguing outbreak he set himself a savage task of work, and toiled at it like a galley-slave until daybreak.

(To be continued.)

WIND AND SOUND.

THE velocity of wind over grass differs by one half at elevations of one and eight feet, and by somewhat less over snow.

When there is no wind, sound proceeding over a rough surface is destroyed at that surface, and is thus less intense below than above; owing to this cause the same sound would be heard at more than double the distance over snow at which it could be heard over grass.

Sounds proceeding with the wind are brought down to the ground in such a manner as to counter-balance the effect of the rough surface, and hence, contrary to the experiments of Delaroché, the range of sound over rough ground is greater with the wind than at right angles to its direction or than where there is no wind. When the wind is very strong it would bring the sound down too fast in its own direction, and then the sound would be heard furthest in some direction inclined to that of the wind, though not at right angles.

Sounds proceeding against the wind are lifted off the ground, and hence the range is diminished at low elevations. But the sound is not destroyed and may be heard from positions sufficiently high (or if the source of sound be raised) with even greater distinctness than at the same distance with the wind.

In all cases where the sound was lifted there was evidence of diverging rays. Thus, although on one occasion the full intensity was lost when standing up at 40 yards, the sound could be faintly and discontinuously heard up to 70 yards. And on raising the head the sound did not once strike the ear with its full intensity nor yet increase quite gradually; but by a series of steps and fluctuations in which the different notes of sound were variously represented, showing that the diverging sound proceeds in rays separated by rays of interference.

Then again it was found that with the wind sound could be heard at 360 yards from the bell at all elevations, whereas at right angles it could be only heard for 20 yards standing up, and not so far at the ground; and against the wind it was lost at 30 yards at the ground, at 70 yards standing up, and 100 yards at an elevation of 30 feet, although it could be distinctly heard at this latter point from a few feet higher.

It is argued that since wind raised the sound simply by causing it to move faster below than above, any other cause which produces such a difference in velocity will lift the sound in the same way. And since the velocity of sound through air increases with the temperature—every degree from 32 to 70 adding 1 foot per second to the velocity—therefore an upward diminution in the temperature of the air must produce a similar effect to that of wind, and lift the sound. Whereas Mr. Glaisher has shown by his balloon observations that such a diminution of temperature exists, and further he has shown that when the sun is shining with a clear sky the variation from the surface is one degree for every 100 feet, and that with a cloudy sky it is only half what it is with a clear sky. These results were from the mean of his observations; under exceptional circumstances the variations were both greater and less. It is hence shown that rays of sound otherwise horizontal would be bent upwards in the form of circles, the radii of which with a clear sky are 110,000 feet, and with a cloudy sky 220,000 feet, so that the refraction is double as great on bright hot days as it is when the sky is cloudy, and still more under exceptional circumstances, and comparing day with night.

It is then shown by calculation that the greatest refraction—110,000 feet radius—is sufficient to render sound from a cliff 235 feet high inaudible on a ship's deck 20 feet high at one and three-quarter miles, except such sound as might reach the observer by divergence from the waves above, whereas when the refraction is least—220,000 feet radius—or where the sky is cloudy, the range would be extended at two and a half miles with a similar extension for the diverging waves. It is hence inferred that the phenomenon which Prof. Tyndall observed on July 3d, and other days—namely, that when the air was still and the air was hot he could not hear guns and sounds from the cliffs of South Foreland, 235 feet high, for more than two miles, whereas when the sky clouded, the range immediately extended to three miles, and as evening approached much further—was due, not so much to stoppage or to reflection of the sound by invisible vapor, as Prof. Tyndall has supposed, but to the sounds being lifted over head in the manner described; and that had he been able to ascend 30 feet up the mast, he might at any time have extended the range of the sound by a quarter of a mile at least. Or had the instruments on the top of the cliff been compared with similar instruments at the bottom, a very marked difference would have been found in the distances at which they could be heard.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

EVERY now and then some event, like the firing of a cannon over a body deep in the silent water, brings to the surface some almost half-forgotten celebrity. The recent news from Europe informs us that the now venerable Poet Laureate of England is about trying to bend the Ulyssian bow of the Drama—in plain prose, that he has finished a tragedy on a well-known subject in English history. While one authority states that he has chosen Mary, Queen of Scots, for his heroine, another says it is the famous Queen of the Icenis, Boadicea. It is of little importance which of these two eminent women he has chosen, although we suspect it is the latter Queen, since, when he was only just commencing his literary life, he told a friend that he had been reading a play, written before the time of Shakespeare, called "Bonduca," as Boadicea was called by the Icenians; that he considered it as one of the most dramatic subjects he had ever heard of; and, as Shakespeare had not taken it, he thought of trying his hand upon it himself. It is possible that he may have come across this manuscript of his youth, and his well-known proclivities to grope in the early records of England, as evidenced by his "Idylls of the King," makes it probable that he is trying to revive the dead bones of the Icenian Amazon.

Few men have had a more enviable and prosperous career than Alfred Tennyson; for, although at the very commencement of his career he was exposed to much hostile criticism, the effect upon him was decidedly beneficial, and he has since avoided those Miss Nancy prettinesses which drew upon him the laugh of the critics. His two most noted assailants were Lord Bulwer Lytton, who in his "New Timon" devoted to him some bitter and scornful lines in that clever satire. Tennyson replied in a few verses, in the London *Punch*, equally vituperative.

Indeed, the author of the "Idylls of the King" is not the man to receive a critical blow, and not hit back again.

As a proof of what bad verses a man of genius can write when he is angry, we give those he wrote on Christopher North, the editor of *Blackwood*, in revenge for a severe criticism on one of his early volumes:

"You did late review my lays,
Crusty Christopher;
You did mangle blame and praise,
Musty Christopher!
I can well endure the blame,
Rusty Christopher—
But the praise will damn my name,
Fusty Christopher."

Tennyson was so silly as to publish this in his next volume, which drew from "Crusty Christopher" the pithy remark: "Young poets never forgive being praised; but they enjoy persecution like Mawworms, or as eels relish skinning."

These verses want the point of Dr. Maginn's criticism on Harriet Martineau's book on the sin of poor people marrying:

"Oh! oh!
Harriet Martineau!
If you'd an Irish beau,
Six feet or so,
You wouldn't say 'No!'
Oh! oh!
Harriet Martineau!"

The general public are not perhaps aware that in some respects Miss Martineau is a most remarkable specimen of humanity. She was born without the senses of smell, hearing and taste. What a punishment for a gormand—not to know the difference between bread and butter and a turtle steak!—board-house coffee and champagne!

The poems of Tennyson are too familiar to the public to need comment, or even recapitulation. One of his latest has been the most popular. Of this poem, "Enoch Arden," a good story is told. When it was reprinted by Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, they were surprised one morning to receive an order from a Western customer for a dozen copies of Tennyson's new poem, "In a Garden." It was reserved for the sagacity of Mr. Osgood, one of the

firm, to discover that "In a Garden" was the Illinois vernacular of "Enoch Arden."

Tennyson is an inveterate smoker, generally commencing the day with a pipe, and closing it with one. He is reserved in his manner, and, without being much interested in a subject, he is very taciturn. Since his marriage, some twenty years ago, he has been very economical in his habits, although by the death of his father and a wealthy old-maid admirer of his poems he came into a handsome sum, for a man of his regular habits. He makes large sums out of his works, while his pension of Poet Laureate completes a very fine income. The Queen offered to make him a baronet, but he wisely declined the empty honor.

TURTLE HUNTING ON THE MUSQUITO COAST.

ONE of the most profitable and singular sports known on the Central American coast is turtle-hunting. The green turtle is taken for its flesh, and the hawkbill for its shell. There are two ways of catching them. During the season from May to December, both species of turtles land in the night and deposit their eggs on the beach, when the fishermen rush up and turn them on their backs to die. The other method is to harpoon them. The Musquito Indians cruise along the shore, a mile or two from the beach, and as the turtles rise for air they plunge their lances into their shells. The turtles dive, but the weapon detaches from the shaft, and the bamboo floating on the surface marks their position until they are dragged into the canoe. Green turtles are sold to trading vessels at \$2.50 each. The hawkbills are beheaded and stripped of their shells, which usually bring \$6 apiece. The principal markets are New York and Liverpool.

AFTER THE FLOOD.

AS we said last week, the loss of property by the flood in Mill River Valley, Mass., amounts to fully one million of dollars, saying nothing of the loss of personal property and the destruction of business in that region. The factories were swept away, most of the hands thrown out of employment, and their families left homeless and forlorn.

THE MILL-OWNERS

lose \$600,000, and nothing can be recovered on their insurance policies, as they only cover damages by fire. One hundred and forty-five lives are known to be lost, which, added to the unfortunate strangers sojourning in the valley, must swell the fatal number to one hundred and fifty souls.

The course of the flood is marked by a pathway of wild desolation. The gardens, flower-beds, shrubbery and lawns which disappeared with the orchards are replaced by barren rocks and sand. The paths that for years had been shaded by venerable trees, the macadamized road, and every quaint and secluded landmark on the river, are gone. Nearly every tree in the course of the torrent is filled with shreds of clothing which the cruel branches stripped from the helpless people whom the flood swept by, and the trees themselves are stripped, by the torrent, of their bark, and from trunk to twig are left as naked and white and scathed as the corpses of those they crushed and bruised. Above Williamsburg were about fifteen acres of the finest meadow-land in Hampshire County, which before the flood was worth \$200 an acre; now, nothing but the bare granite is left, and the land could not be given away. There is hardly a patch of meadow on the line of the river, from the reservoir to Florence, which is not hopelessly ruined. Twenty-two bridges in all have been carried away.

The flood came on Saturday; Sunday was

A DAY OF MOURNING

and toil. A bright, burning sun came on Monday to cheer the workers, and lighten the faces of the dead. From Williamsburg to Haydensville large forces of men were looking for bodies among the stones and drift-wood. A little babe, seven months old, was found near Williamsburg, among the rubbish, but entirely unharmed.

Thousands of solemn visitors poured in from the country, and among them were the students of Amherst College. By Tuesday the railroads were repaired, and trains were running up the valley. There has been much discussion concerning the reservoir dam. Proof is wanting that it was built on hard-pan as alleged, and the keeper is positive that it was not. His theory, based on the absence of a solid foundation, is that the dam was undermined at its base by a spring, to which rubblestone and a sandy soil presented little resistance. There is also reason to believe that the cement was not of first-rate quality, and it is quite plain to any observer that the builders of the dam tried to make up for or hide its general weakness by covering it with dirt, chiefly taken from the sides and bed of the reservoir. About one-sixth of the upper part of the dam and two-thirds or more of the foundation remain, and should be subjected to a thorough examination by competent engineers.

PREPARATIONS FOR REBUILDING

have begun in earnest. The architect of Hayden, Gere & Co. was first in the field with complete plans for new buildings. They have decided to rebuild of wood, in the Swiss style, arranged in quadrangular form, and expect that within three months the buildings will be ready for occupancy, when work will be resumed. William Skinner will not rebuild his silk factory on the old site. At Leeds, the work of restoration appeared doubtful, and Mr. Warner, proprietor of the button factory, said that he could hire power cheaper elsewhere. But outside parties have offered to advance capital, and the prospect is that the old factories will be re-established.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give a double-page picture of scenes in the valley of death. The Williamsburg view represents some poor people, who lived around the factory in the lower edge of the town, loading their furniture on to a wagon. The factory was one of the few buildings not destroyed. The picture of the reservoir as seen from below shows the waste pipe lying in the centre of the breach of the embankment, with Cheney's house on the left. At the Town Hall men are seen laying out bodies on boards supported by the backs of seats. In a side room the bodies were dressed preparatory to being recognized or put in coffins.

A Newfoundland dog, a pet of the schoolgirls, exhibited great sorrow after the disaster. His friends were gone. Later in the day some men who were searching for an old man much loved by the dog, found the animal digging deep into the sand. They used their shovels, and to their surprise found the body of him whom they were seeking. Mr. Tilton's house was not entirely destroyed, but the clock fell and stopped with the hands pointing to the figures 8:15. When found it was full of mud, but only the glass face was broken, as seen in the sketch. Mr. Bartlett's house at Skinnerville was

tipped up, and is now supported at an angle of forty-five degrees. The front door opens towards the sky, but he still lives in it, as he has no other home. On the stoop of George Smith's store, in Williamsburg, the ladies opened a contribution box for the sufferers, opposite the City Hall. The hotel which stands near is owned by one Mr. Williams, after whose ancestors the town was named. Our illustration in the centre of the page represents the valley as seen from the lower part of Williamsburg looking towards Haydensville and Leeds. We also give a picture of the scene at Skinnerville.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GREENLAND.—Dr. Brown considers that a great portion of the Greenland fauna and the bulk of its flora had been derived from Europe when Greenland was united, probably during or shortly after the time the Miocene beds were laid down to the European continent, by continuous land or a chain of islands, of which it is possible that Iceland, Bear Island, and perhaps even the Orkneys and Shetlands, are only fragments.

TURF FOR FUEL.—Professor Reynolds says: "It is well known that the heating effect practically obtained from ordinary rough turf rarely exceeds forty per cent. of that afforded by Staffordshire coal; but ball peat possesses a heating value equivalent to fifty-five per cent. of that of the class of coal mentioned; or, in other words, to produce the heating effect obtainable from one ton of average Staffordshire coal, it is necessary to burn about two and a half tons of ordinary turf, while 1.8 of ball-peat would give the same amount of heat."

INSANITY.—The statistics on the varying amount of insanity and idiocy in different countries give wide scope for speculative inquiry. Why, for instance, should an Englishman or an Irishman be nearly five times more liable to insanity than an Austrian? Why, in the little German State of Oldenburg, should one in every three hundred and one of the gross population be insane, whilst in Saxony the ratio is only 1 in 1427? Neither race nor government nor religion seems to offer any clue to such a discrepancy as the latter.

USES OF SLAG.—The Cleveland (Eng.) Institution of Engineers has lately been engaged in discussing Mr. Wood's methods of utilizing blast-furnace slag. The slag is allowed to run from the furnace into water placed at the bottom of an iron drum rotating in a vertical plane. By this means the slag is disintegrated, and forms a powder called "slag-sand," which may be mixed with lime and used as mortar. The slag, in another of Mr. Wood's processes, is received on a flat, circular, rotating table of iron, where it is suddenly cooled, and spreads out into thin layers, which may be readily broken up and used in the preparation of concrete. Although there is perhaps no great novelty in Mr. Wood's methods, they are nevertheless likely to be of much value in using a great deal of the Cleveland slag. In 1862 Mr. Giers obtained a patent for running a stream of slag into water, but he allowed his patent to lapse. One great feature in Mr. Wood's machine is its economy of water. Mr. Jeremiah Head calculated that the cost of water would be only about one-thirtieth of a penny per ton of slag disintegrated.

AIR FOR MINERS.—under the name of the aërophore, M. Denayrouze has brought out an ingenious apparatus for furnishing to the miner a supply of fresh air in the midst of a deleterious atmosphere. The air is compressed by a double-barreled pump of peculiar construction, the cylinders being movable, whilst the pistons are fixed, thus reversing the usual arrangement. By means of a regulator the pressure of the air may be adjusted at pleasure. The miner inhales the air through an india-rubber mouth piece, whilst a supply is delivered on similar principles to his lamp. The Denayrouze lamp is specially constructed to burn independently of the surrounding atmosphere, and derives its air solely from the lamp-regulator. In one form of the Denayrouze apparatus the air is compressed into strong reservoirs, at a pressure of 20 atmospheres. Experiments putting the apparatus to tests which seem to be sufficiently severe have recently been conducted in this country, it is said, with much success. No doubt such an apparatus might be of special service in reopening a pit after an explosion, and before it is expedient to admit fresh air; but it is evident that an apparatus of this kind can have but a limited application, and it is not likely to be used for prolonged work.

OZONE IN THE AIR.—Ozone is rarely found in the air of large towns, unless in a suburb when the wind is blowing from the country; and it is only under the rarest and most exceptional conditions that it is found in the air of the largest and best ventilated apartments. It is, in fact, rapidly destroyed by smoke and other impurities which are present in the air of localities where large bodies of men have fixed their habitation, and we have often observed this destructive action extending to a distance of one or two miles from a manufacturing town, even in fine and bright weather. Ozone is rarely, if ever, absent in fine weather from the air of the country, and it is more abundant, on the whole, in the air of the mountain than of the plain. It is also said to occur in larger quantity near the sea than in inland districts. It has been found to be unusual amount after thunderstorms—a fact which is favorable to the view that the presence of ozone in the atmosphere is due to the action of the free electricity of the latter on the oxygen of the air. The amount of ozone in the air is greater, according to some observers, in Winter than in Summer, in Spring than in Autumn; according to others, it is greater in Spring and Summer than in Autumn and Winter.

THE BASIN OF SAHARA.—Dr. Zittel, the geologist who accompanies the expedition of Rolffs in his researches through the Sahara, in the latest of his letters on the characteristics of that desert, establishes with great clearness, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and by more than one distinct proof, the theory that it is the dried-up basin of a former shallow sea. The fine quartz sand, in particles never larger than the head of a pin, which forms at once the main feature and the danger of its surface, is not produced by any formation in or near it, and must have been carried to it by some foreign agency. The real surface of the desert is a bare, dry, chalky plain, at first examination resembling that of the Swabian Alps, but in reality of a much more recent origin. Above it rose here and there the isolated peaks, called by the Arabs "witnesses," which are of a later chalk again. The tops of these, where several are visible, are invariably in a plane, showing that they are the fragments of an ancient surface, the intervening spaces of which have been washed away. If the question be asked by what, there being no ground whatever for supposing torrents or glacial action, the answer can only be by the constant beating on it of waves, dissolving the softer portions. But a more interesting point to many geologists will be Dr. Zittel's comments on the splinters of flints which are produced in great quantities round certain peaks by the cutting process of the alternate slight dews and frosts which the expedition has found to be common in the Winter nights in the Sahara. These fragments lie around in profusion, and to a careless observer might appear not unlike some of the ruder flint chips of the first part of the Stone Age. But Dr. Zittel, who has made a study of the latter, took pains to examine thousands of these natural chippings of flint, and found but a single one which an experienced eye could take to resemble those which have attracted so much notice in Europe. Hence he concludes that the Sahara flints afford a fresh and very strong indirect proof of the production of the others by the human agency to which science has already assigned them.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

GENERAL SCHENCK has returned to Europe.

VICK-PRESIDENT WILSON is visiting California.

JULIA WARD HOWE is to lecture next season.

PETER HYACINTHUS is seeking a new dwelling place in Germany.

A NEW YORK publishing house has sold 40,000 copies of Victor Hugo's "93."

HANNIBAL HAMLIN has been in public office without cessation for thirty-eight years.

A BOSTON lad asked a bookseller for Charles Reade's "You know how it is yourself."

It is reported that Adelaide Phillips's next season will be her last as a public singer.

CARL ROSA has not established a Parepa-Rosa scholarship in America, but will at his death.

DR. J. G. HOLLAND'S Springfield (Mass.) home has been sold for sixty-five thousand dollars.

THE Boston Post pronounces General Howard three-sevenths guilty and four-sevenths innocent.

CLARA BARTON, the Florence Nightingale of America, is seriously ill in Columbia Hospital, Washington.

BROWNLOW, who is called the fighting parson, never owned a pistol in his life. His health is improving.

THE "Fat Contributor" has bought the Cincinnati *Saturday Night*, and he will try to make it a funny paper.

KING KOFFEE of Ashantee has again taken up his residence in Coomassie. He wants to know who stole his umbrella.

THE Hon. F. F. LOW, late Minister to China, has accepted the Presidency of the Anglo-California Bank of San Francisco.

THE simple inscription, "David Livingstone, 1874," marks the place in Westminster Abbey where the great traveler lies buried.

SENATOR DORSEY, of Arkansas, has had a county named after him, and a mule has been named after Brooks and Baxter.

TOSTEE, who came with the Opera Bouffe to New York a few years ago, recently died of grief at Pau, France, on the loss of her daughter.

TWEED's old place, the American Club House, at Greenwich, Conn., has passed into private hands, and will be opened as a Summer resort.

LUCY HOOPER writes from Paris that Nilsson vowed never to sing in Sweden, because she was severely and unjustly criticised in her younger days.

AFTER Congressman Conger was married, the other day, Speaker Blaine got him two days leave of absence that he might become acquainted with his bride.

THEODORE TILTON's new story, "Tempest Tossed," which is said to have received proposals from thirteen publishing houses, is to be issued in a few days.

W. F. G. SHANKS, city editor of the New York *Tribune*, sailed for Europe, with the Catholic Pilgrims, last week. He will visit Rome, and correspond for his paper.

WEST END OF LONDON is wild because an American boy has eloped with a daughter of an English lord. Social arbitration is the cure for further international difficulties.

MISS EDMONIA LEWIS, the sculptor, is half Indian and half African, and on one side of her head her hair is long and waving, while on the other side it is crisp and kinky.

An eminent lady in Paris was in the habit of seeing her physician daily and paying his fees regularly, but he was recently denied admission because she was indisposed.

MR. W. L. WILSON, of the New York *Herald*, has begun the publication of a weekly newspaper called the *Scotsman*, an elegant specimen of typography and of class journalism.

EARL RUSSELL told the House of Lords the other night that the Washington Treaty had "tarnished the national honor, lowered the national character, and sacrificed the national interest."

A NEW YORK correspondent says Bennett aspires to excel in everything. He is the feeder of the poor, the master of opinion, the master of wealth, the commodore of the yachting fleet, and the champion foot-racer.

A LADY was standing on a wharf in New York, the other day, bidding adieu to friends about to sail for New Bedford, when the head of a huge molasses cask that was being hoisted on an elevator above her burst out, and she was deluged.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh describes her life in England as one of perfect happiness. She speaks with gratitude of the cordial and friendly reception she has met from the Queen, the royal family, the Court, and the people at large.

GEORGE ALFRED GATH says that Senator Stewart's new house in Washington is a beautiful conundrum, like one of those block games which, perfectly composed, shows a voluptuous figure, and makes one wonder what it will be like when taken apart.

DISRAELI is said to have formed a warm friendship for the Duchess of Edinburgh, and to have declared that she is the most gifted and cultivated of any lady he ever met. The Duchess speaks all Continental languages, with but little Tartar accent.

WASHINGTON WHITTRIDGE, a well-known New York artist, is to succeed Quincy Ward as President of the New York Academy of Design. Mr. Whittridge was painting in Dusseldorf, Germany, when Bierstadt came to him, poor and unknown, and was aided by him, and given the use of his studio.

THE Rev. Mrs. Olympia Brown, of Bridgeport, Conn., stops at the Westminster Hotel when she comes to New York. Were she nothing but a man preacher, her salary might possibly allow her to take one meal there, under the roof that sheltered Charles Dickens while he was here; but she is a woman.

THE Des Moines corporation paid \$10,000 when a girl fell into a sewer, because they would not expend \$10 for repairs. The Mill River capitalists would not spend \$100,000 on their reservoir dam; and now they think they can rebuild their mills and a new dam for a million, while a few years will restore the population just swept out of the valley.

In his life of Thomas Jefferson, just published, Parton epitomizes the present time as follows: "Thus, to day, throughout Christendom, Ignorance is master and Knowledge is its hireling; Ignorance controls capital and Knowledge lives on wages; Ignorance rides in a carriage and Knowledge trudges on foot; Ignorance edits and Knowledge writes; the Counting-room orders and the Sanctum obeys."

BRIGHAM YOUNG has been making a speech. He accused the Mormons of being too little in earnest about building up Zion, as was demonstrated by the stingy manner in which they dealt out their tithings. Their leaders wanted more money. With a reasonable amount of cash, he assured his hearers that he could buy up the United States and Congress. He could also buy all the preachers in the country, for, said he, give them their bread and butter and they will preach anything. As matters stood, the Mormon priesthood could only get a few old cows or a few oxen, or some old ring-boned horses. For brass, industry and hypocrisy, Brigham stands at the head of his class.



DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION,
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

NONE of our institutions for the unfortunate have made more satisfactory progress than those devoted to the education of the deaf and dumb of both sexes. We give an illustration this week of the admirable institution at Belleville, Ontario.

JOHN MAGEE,

THE OUTRAGED BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT SAN
JOSE, GUATEMALA.

JOHN MAGEE, H.B.M. Vice-Consul, who was recently inhumanly flogged by Colonel Gonzales, Commander of the Port of San José, is a native of St. John's, Newfoundland. His father, an ex-British officer in charge of Lord Palmerston's school at Parson's Green, London, educated



MR. JOHN MAGEE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALDER.

him for St. Mark's College, whence he graduated. He gathered flowers in China for a London floral house; then was clerk for the Pacific Mail Company; and later he opened a commission-house on his own account at Tonola, Central America. He narrowly escaped death in the San Salvador earthquake, a year ago, when the graves gave up their dead, and 8,000 houses were destroyed.

Recently, while Vice-Consul at San José, the commander summoned Mr. Magee before him for some trifling charge, but an injured foot kept him at his home. Then a guard was sent to bring him, dead or alive, to receive 400 lashes. Magee invoked the protection of the English flag, but without effect. Mr. James, the Consular Agent of the United States, also protested, when he was informed by Gonzales that he would not only flog Magee, but would shoot him the following day, and serve the representative of the United States, and all foreigners, the same way. The surgeon of the port protested, stating that 400 lashes would kill Magee; but Gonzales replied: "Let him die!"

Magee was then partially stripped and laid on the floor, three men being seated on his head and shoulders, and four men upon his feet, while two held each arm, and the flogging commenced, continued by four soldiers, relieving each other at every fifty lashes, Gonzales keeping tally himself.

By the time 200 were administered Magee became insensible. Then he was laid on a bed, so that he might revive and receive the remaining 200 the following morning, before being shot.

During the night he was repeatedly visited by Gonzales, who each time placed a revolver at his head, threatening to shoot him.

Gonzales had previously cut the telegraph wires to prevent interference from the outside. A private courier was dispatched, however, and General Solano, with

one hundred men, hurried from the Capital to Magee's rescue. The next morning, as the flogging was about to be resumed, the troops were seen approaching. Gonzales's soldiers were ordered to fire; they refused. He tried to escape to a steamer, but was shot on the gangway by a passenger. The Guatemala Government settled with Magee and his Government by condemning the outrage and giving him £10,000.

THE OLD MADISON
COTTAGE.

THIS building, so well known in the last generation occupied the present site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. For many years it was used as a tavern by jolly old Corporal Thompson, and was the rendezvous of all the sporting characters of the country. Here the jockeys, the well-to-do farmers who kept fast horses, and even prominent business men, gathered to hear and discuss the latest news of the road. Indeed, to this day there is an attraction about the place; and when a great event occurs at Washington, or in Wall Street, and especially on election nights, crowds of merchants, bankers, politicians and Fifth Avenue sportsmen may be found in the magnificent parlors, earnestly discussing in animated tones, as in the early days, when Fifth Avenue was unknown, and Bleeker Street was in the suburbs of the young city. We give a picture of the old Madison Cottage.

MISS NELLIE GRANT AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN.
PHOTO. BY E. W. PIERCE.—SEE PAGE 199.ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAMS'S
LANDAULET.

AMONG the charges made against Mr. Williams at the time of his nomination to the Chief Justiceship of the United States was one to the effect that he had bought an expensive landaulet, or French carriage, for his personal use, and had its cost, \$1,600, charged to the Government, as one of the contingent expenses of his department. Attention has again been called to this vehicle by its recent sale in Philadelphia, whither it had been secretly sent by some one in Washington. Judge Wright, a strong anti-administration man from the West, was the purchaser. He proposes to drive through the Western States with it, shortly, and deliver speeches against the corruption at Washington.



ATTORNEY-GENERAL WILLIAMS'S LANDAULET.



AN OLD LANDMARK OF NEW YORK CITY.—"MADISON COTTAGE."

ABRAHAM DISBECKER.

THIS gentleman, recently appointed by the Mayor of New York as Police Commissioner, in place of Henry Smith, deceased, was born of German parents, in Albany, in 1843. Reared and educated in New York, and graduating from the Free Academy, he became a journalist and correspondent from Albany. In 1873 he was Clerk of the State Senate, and his fair reputation and ability brought him into public notice, especially during the charter fight of that year. When the Legislature adjourned he was appointed supervisor of the City Record, the official journal of New York. Although a Republican, he was selected as the successor to deceased Commissioner Smith, and he has also been placed on the Committee of Street Cleaning and Discipline, because of his energetic and business capabilities and acknowledged fidelity to public trusts.

WRITERS FOR THE
WORLD.

SAINTE-BEUVE has placed six men as belonging to humanity; not to any nation, but to the world. These men are Homer, Plautus, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Molière and Cervantes. Goethe said the same of four of the world's great names—Shakespeare, Napoleon, Raphael and Mozart: a selection about which there would be some difference of opinion. Let us consider for one moment why these men belong to the world. Homer has represented man in his natural state—a state of freedom and unrestraint. He interests always and everywhere. His gods are but superior men, with all the attributes and passions of men. Whereas to fully appreciate the works of Sophocles one must have been in Attica. Aristophanes, too, is more a Greek than a man. Among the Romans why is Plautus the only name mentioned? Because he wrote with truth and sincerity, while with the other Latin writers was so much of imitation. Cervantes's book was certainly not for Spain alone, but for the world. All these writers wrote not for the time, the moment at which they lived, of that which would change within a few years, but rather of that which lives, which must always find attentive ears and sympathetic hearts wherever man is to be found. The great novelist Dickens has writ-

ten for the English exclusively, and also for the English of the present day; and it is a question if he continue to be read in succeeding ages as he is read to-day. It is exceedingly difficult for the French to appreciate him. But Thackeray's works will remain as productions of literary merit, for there is an artistic finish about them. Circumstances made Dickens what he was; neither he nor Racine could have done otherwise than represent the times and the manners of the period at which each lived.

SKULLS OF CIVILIZATION.

ACCORDING to modern phrenology, the group of organs situated at the side of the head, and which thus give it breadth and fullness, are termed invigorating, being those which give the desire for

MR. ABRAHAM DISBECKER, NEWLY APPOINTED POLICE
COMMISSIONER OF NEW YORK CITY.

conflict; for overcoming obstacles; for the acquisition of property; for animal food and for elaborate dwellings, tools and weapons, and which also incite to cunning and treachery. Tribes which have these faculties in excess will, as a rule, be warlike, cruel, treacherous, thievish, ingenious in constructing their weapons, huts and canoes; fond of animal food, and good hunters, and sometimes cannibals. Tribes in which they are markedly deficient will generally be the reverse of all this—peaceful, mild, open, honest, idle, careless in their food, huts and clothing, and with few tools and weapons. Of course the proportions of the various organs may vary indefinitely in either form of cranium, and thus some one or other of these characteristics may be wanting; but, making allowance for this, we see a marked difference between such narrow-headed races as the low Australians, and the much higher broad-headed Sandwich Islanders, or the mild, narrow-headed Esquimaux, and very broad-headed warlike Araucanians. Colonel Marshall believes that the broad-headed type has been developed in the struggle for existence, and has in most cases driven out the narrow-headed where the two have come into contact. It must be remembered, however, that either extreme is an inferior type, and that it is the well-balanced organization, with a brain intermediate in form, if sufficiently large, that will progress most in civilization, and will be able to rule and conquer, or exterminate either extreme type. The objection, therefore, brought by Mr. E. B. Tylor ("Nature," December 2d, 1873) against his view, that the comparatively narrow-headed Russians have subjugated many broader-headed Asiatic tribes, is not to the point. The Russians are more civilized, in a state of higher organization and discipline; and it is this, not their individual energy, that has now ren-



THE WEDDING AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—INVITED GUESTS VIEWING, IN THE LIBRARY, THE BRIDAL PRESENTS TO MISS NELLIE GRANT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY BROADBENT & PHILLIPS.—SEE PAGE 199.



CENTRAL AMERICA.—SPEARING GREEN TURTLE ON THE MESQUITO COAST.—SKETCHED BY W. TRUMBULL.—SEE PAGE 203.

dered them superior to those Eastern hordes which, at an earlier period, when their state of civilization was more equal, would probably have overcome them. The warlike and ingenious Arabs, Afghans and Malays are all markedly brachycephalic. Dr. J. B. Davis states that his extensive collection of crania shows that, in most cases, the female skull is more dolichocephalic than the male, but that among many of the African races the reverse is the case. This is an interesting bearing on the fact, so strangely insisted on by the reporters of the Ashantee war, that the African women are much more energetic and industrious than the men; while we know that in Africa alone there exists an effective female army. These are suggestive facts; and it is to be hoped that they will induce phrenologists to utilize our large collections of the crania of various races, for the purpose of working out in detail the peculiarities of national character as indicated by them. This should be done by actual caliper measurements of every organ where practicable, so as to introduce precision into the results.

FUN.

Dio Lewis has had a necktie named after him, and his long struggle has been rewarded.

It is said that the prettiest girl in Harrisburgh is a newspaper carrier. She carries 'em in her bustle.

They have found a Chicago policeman who wouldn't take a bribe, but it should be added that he didn't think it large enough.

"NINE judges out of ten are baldheaded, and why is it?" asks the Boston Post. Because they haven't got any hair, we guess.

The editor of the Leavenworth Daily Argus remarks, in the obituary of his paper: "We went into the business, determined to run it or bust. We have busted."

ROMANTIC DRAMA.—"Kiss me, Clara." "Kiss me, Stephen." And when Stephen tried it she snappishly said, "No, sir; you've been chewing cardamom seeds."

A CHICAGO coroner, ascertaining that the body was that of a sewing machine agent, decided that an inquest wasn't necessary, as no one would ever inquire about the fellow.

MARIA LOVEJOY, of Fon du Lac, is now pushing her fourth barrel of promise suit, and the railroad has to put an extra train on for the benefit of the men who want to get out of town.

TAKE a company of boys chasing butterflies, says a cynical writer, put long-tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a panorama of the world.

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Vermont woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams she sees a hen walking a picket fence.

WHEN occasion requires, one of the Milwaukee policemen can move with astonishing rapidity. Night before last he ran a mile in three minutes under the belief that a burglar was after him.

YESTERDAY morning a boy sauntered up to a yard on Street where a woman was scratching the bosom of the earth with a rake, and, leaning on the fence, said, "Are you going around the back yard after a while?" The woman said she "didn't know; maybe she would; why?" "Because," the boy said, "I saw the cistern-lid drop on the baby's head, a minute ago, and thought if you went around you might lift it off." It is currently reported that the woman went.

WARRANTED.

FOUR to six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery are warranted to cure Salt Rheum or Tetter, and the worst kind of Pimples on the face. Two to four bottles are warranted to clear the system of Boils, Carbuncles and Sores. Four to six bottles are warranted to cure the worst kind of Erysipelas and Blotches among the hair. Six to ten bottles are warranted to cure Running of the Ears and Corrupt or Running Ulcers. Eight to ten bottles are warranted to cure Scrofulous Sores and Swellings. Two to six bottles are warranted to cure Liver Complaint.

A WONDER TO HERSELF.

TANKTOWN, Delaware Co., O., March 20th, 1873. To DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Your Discovery needs only a fair trial and it will do all you recommend it to do and more too. When I was fifteen I caught cold, and for twenty-eight years I have been a perfect wreck of disease, and all the medicines and doctor's bills have run up at times to two and three hundred dollars, and never any better but worse, when I gave up all hopes last Spring of living the Summer through. I received one of your Account Books and told my husband after reading it that it was too late. He went and bought two bottles, and I found it was helping me very much. Since 1841 I was troubled with Catarrh and Sore Throat, and was almost entirely deaf in one ear, and my throat was dull as could be. There was constant pain in my head. Now my head is as sound as a dollar, my voice is clear, and I have used ten bottles of your Discovery. It has cured me of Catarrh, Sore Throat, Heart Disease, Spine Affection and Torpid Liver. My Liver was very bad. My skin was rough. When I put my hand on my body it was like fish scales. Now it is as smooth and soft as a child's. In conclusion, I will say I have been well for three months. I am a wonder to myself and friends. This is but an imperfect statement; half has not been told. Yours, with respect, HESTER LACKEY.

THE CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE.

For the first time, on Saturday, May 16th, a Pilgrimage left this port for the Old World, to visit the Shrine of Lourdes and Rome. The occasion was so singular and novel that it excited an enormous degree of interest, and, in spite of the disagreeable weather, the *Perceire*—one of the Grand Transatlantic line of steamers in which the Pilgrims had embarked—was accompanied down the bay by several smaller steamers having on board the friends and acquaintances of the voyagers. On the *Perceire* a handsome chapel had been fitted up for their accommodation by the employees of the line. The Pilgrims had been placed under the spiritual charge of Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and it was somewhat odd, when the accompanying steamers bade them farewell, to notice the different manner in which the Bishop's Pastoral Benediction from the deck of the *Perceire* was received by those who were on board the conveying vessels. The Catholics bowed their heads or bent their knees, while the Protestants answered it with a rousing and hearty cheer, a curious way of acknowledging the priestly blessing.

At this time of the year, when so much money is expended in buying defective furniture, the public cannot do better than pay a visit to the warerooms of J. T. Allen & Co., of 185 and 187 Canal Street, the oldest and most reliable manufacturers of furniture in the metropolis. Their stock includes every description of household furniture, and is beyond all question the cheapest in New York, since it is made of the most enduring materials, and in the best and strongest manner. Before you purchase elsewhere, call at the warerooms of J. T. Allen & Co., of 185 and 187 Canal Street.

For over a quarter of a century the manufacturers of the Hall Safe and Lock Company have met with high appreciation among the business men of the country. In all the ordeals to which their safes have been subjected they have never failed to preserve entirely their contents. Possessing all the most practical fireproof qualities, their value has been greatly enhanced by the employment of the locks for which this firm is justly famous. As the safes are now constructed, they afford, by far, the surest protection from thieves and fire that has been devised. The salesroom of the firm, Nos. 345 and 347 Broadway, are the largest occupied by any similar firm in the world; while the factory, replete with the most valuable machinery, is a model of mechanical thrift. Thieves are continually devising new implements for "cracking" safes, and this necessitates, on the part of the manufacturer, constant study to thwart, in lock and safe, any interference. It is by these requisite improvements, made from time to time, that the Hall Safe and Lock Company increase their popularity among those best capable of judging of the excellence of their work.

Mr. P. POHALSKI, lately associated with T. H. Messenger & Co. in the manufacture of cigars and smoking tobacco, has just formed a partnership with Mr. Ramon Guerra, of Havana, and located at No. 83 William Street, N. Y. While keeping on hand a full line of the best imported tobaccos, they will give special attention to the manufacture of the Monte Cristo cigar, with the intention of making it the standard brand in the United States. The firm have effected arrangements with growers and wholesale dealers in Havana which will enable them to fulfill all their promises.

MESSRS. EUGENE FERRIS & SON have removed their Boot and Shoe Emporium from No. 150 Fulton Street to No. 81 Nassau Street. At their new headquarters can be found every variety of the articles they deal in, ticketed at the most reasonable rates. Those who desire to purchase good boots and shoes should make a note of the removal.

The Traveler's Guide.

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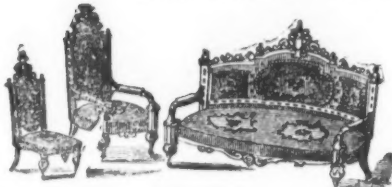
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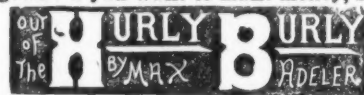
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FUN.

Dio Lewis has had a necktie named after him, and his long struggle has been rewarded.

It is said that the prettiest girl in Harrisburgh is a newspaper carrier. She carries 'em in her bustle.

They have found a Chicago policeman who wouldn't take a bribe, but it should be added that he didn't think it large enough.

"Nixie judges out of ten are baldheaded, and why is it?" asks the Boston *Post*. Because they haven't got any hair, we guess.

The editor of the Leavenworth *Daily Argus* remarks, in the obituary of his paper: "We went into the business, determined to run it or bust. We have busted."

ROMANTIC DRAMA.—"Kiss me, Clara." "Kiss me, Stephen." And when Stephen tried it she snappishly said, "No, sir; you've been chewing cardamom seeds."

A Chicago coroner, ascertaining that the body was that of a sewing machine agent, decided that an inquest wasn't necessary, as no one would ever inquire about the fellow.

MARIA LOVJOY, of Fon du Lac, is now pushing her fourth breach of promise suit, and the railroad has to put an extra train on for the benefit of the men who want to get out of town.

Take a company of boys chasing butterflies, says a cynical writer, put long-tailed coats on the boys and turn the butterflies into dollars, and you have a panorama of the world.

You may talk yourself into a bronchial affection, but you can't convince a Vermont woman that there won't be a death in the family if she dreams she sees a hen walking a picket fence.

When occasion requires, one of the Milwaukee policemen can move with astonishing rapidity. Night before last he ran a mile in three minutes under the belief that a burglar was after him.

Yesterday morning a boy sauntered up to a yard on Street where a woman was scratching the bosom of the earth with a rake, and, leaning on the fence, said, "Are you going around the back yard after a while?" The woman said she "didn't know; maybe she would; why?" "Because," the boy said, "I saw the cistern-lid drop on the baby's head, a minute ago, and thought if you went around you might lift it off." It is currently reported that the woman went.

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A WONDER TO HERSELF.

TANKTOWN, Delaware Co., O., March 20th, 1873. To Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

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THE CATHOLIC PILGRIMAGE.

For the first time, on Saturday, May 16th, a Pilgrimage left this port for the Old World, to visit the Shrine of Lourdes and Rome. The occasion was so singular and novel that it excited an enormous degree of interest, and, in spite of the disagreeable weather, the *Pereire*—one of the Grand Transatlantic line of steamers in which the Pilgrims had embarked—was accompanied down the bay by several smaller steamers having on board the friends and acquaintances of the voyagers. On the *Pereire* a handsome chapel had been fitted up for their accommodation by the *employés* of the line. The Pilgrims had been placed under the spiritual charge of Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and it was somewhat odd, when the accompanying steamers bade them farewell, to notice the different manner in which the Bishop's Pastoral Benediction from the deck of the *Pereire* was received by those who were on board the conveying vessels. The Catholics bowed their heads or bent their knees, while the Protestants answered it with a rousing and hearty cheer, a curious way of acknowledging the priestly blessing.

At this time of the year, when so much money is expended in buying defective furniture, the public cannot do better than pay a visit to the warerooms of J. T. Allen & Co., of 185 and 187 Canal Street, the oldest and most reliable manufacturers of furniture in the metropolis. Their stock includes every description of household furniture, and is beyond all question the cheapest in New York, since it is made of the most enduring materials, and in the best and strongest manner. Before you purchase elsewhere, call at the warerooms of J. T. Allen & Co., of 185 and 187 Canal Street.

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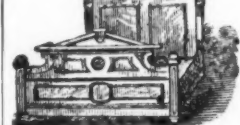
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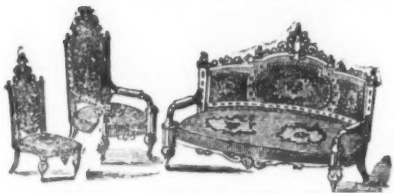
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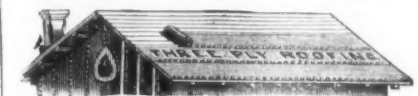
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